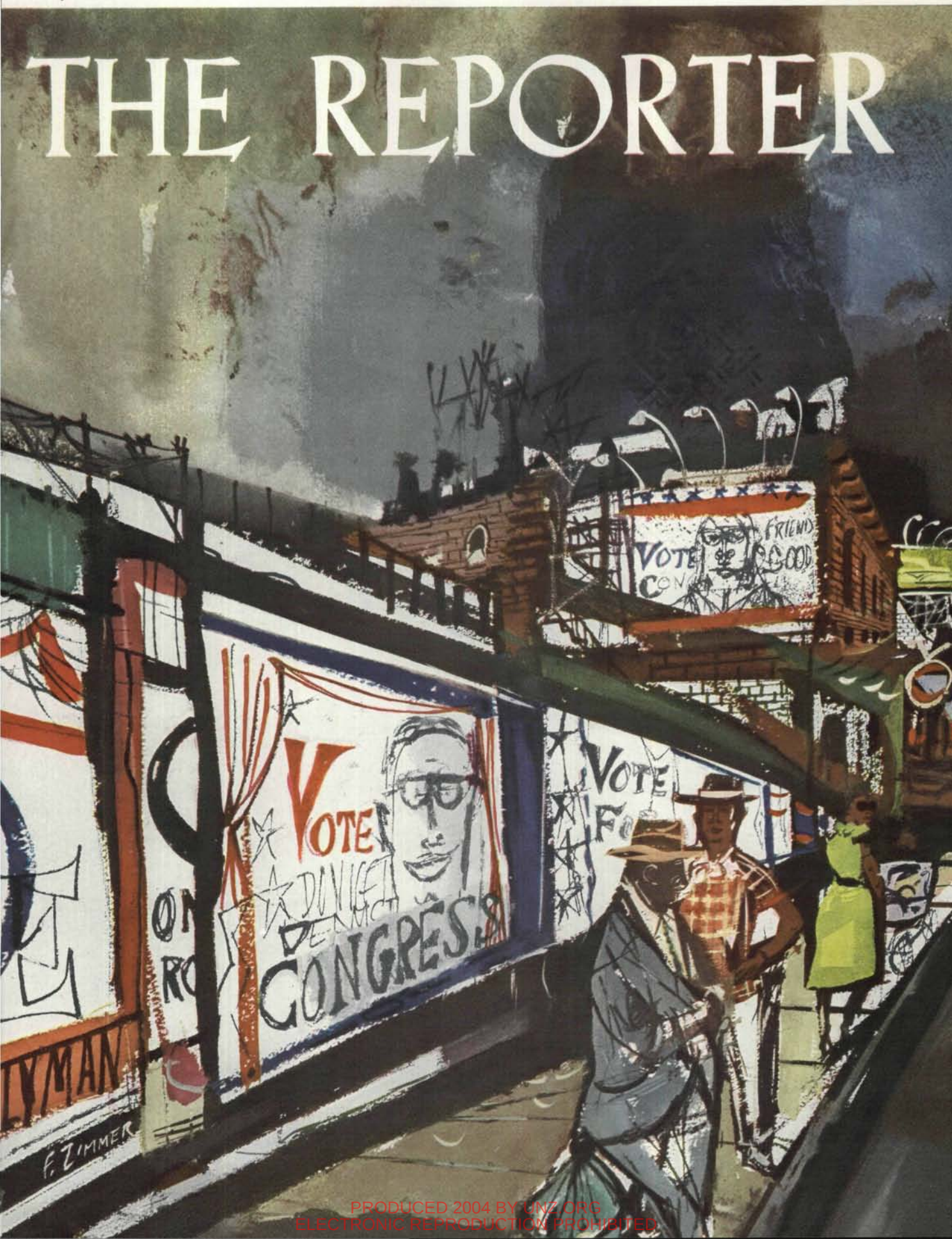
The Negro Vote and the Democrats

May 31, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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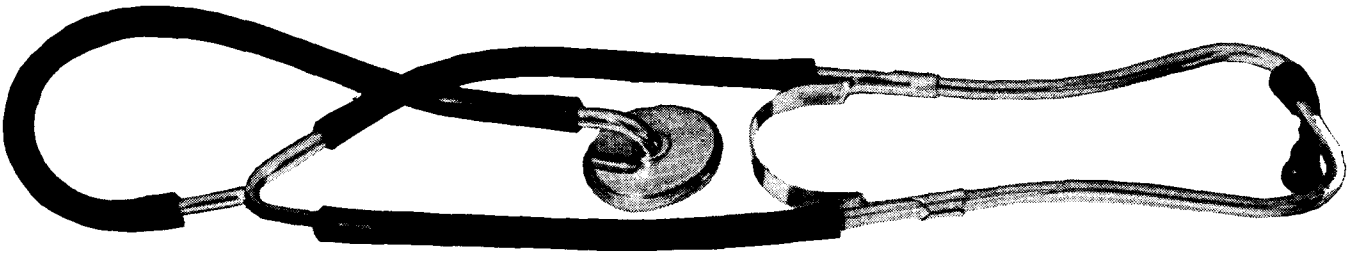
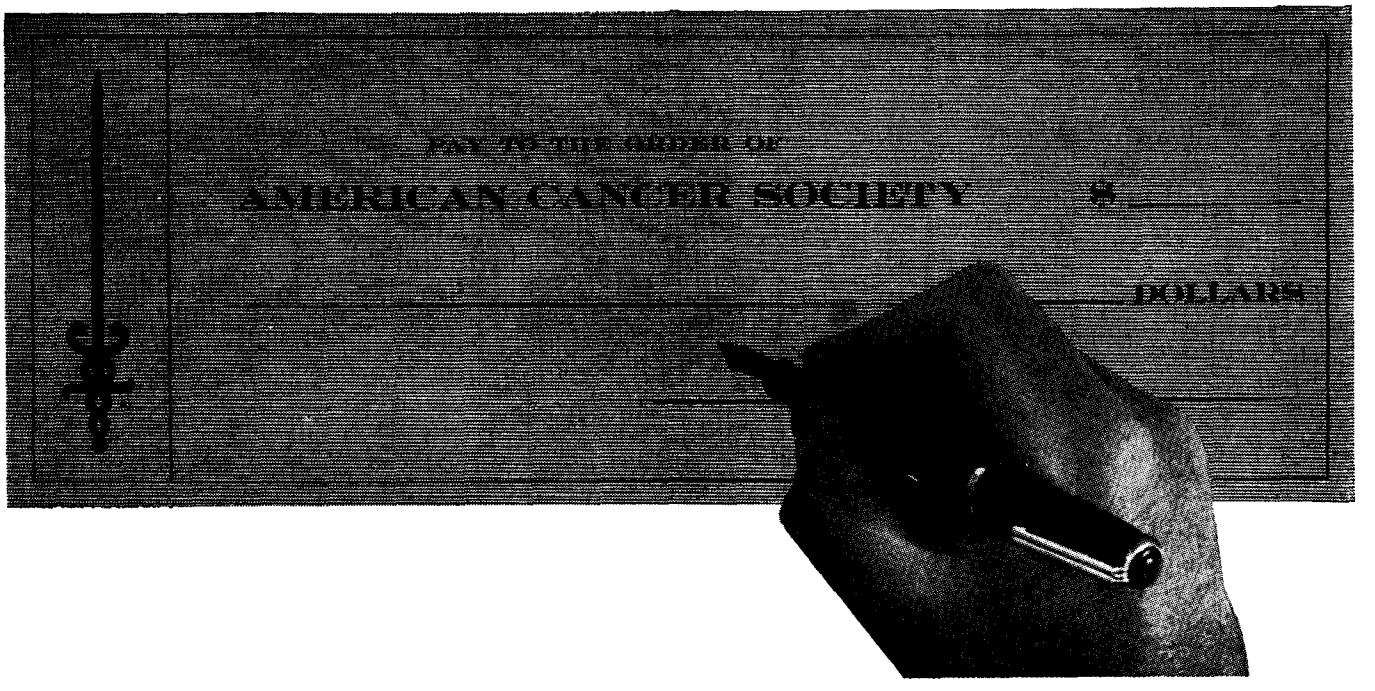
A checkup

Of every 100 persons who get cancer 25 will be saved, 75 will die. Of these, many will die *needlessly*, because with present knowledge they could be saved by early detection and prompt treatment. Play fair with yourself and your family . . . have that cancer checkup soon.



and a check

There has never been enough money to carry on all the research that needs to be done. Can you afford to remain indifferent to the enemy that strikes 1 out of every 4 Americans? Your donation—large or small—can help save lives. Someday, perhaps your own.



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Business as Usual

While Pentagon chiefs and Congressional experts were engaged in a turgid debate on the quality, scope, and interservice priority of America's weapons as against those of the Soviets, Moscow came out with the announcement of a 1,200,000-man slash in its own military establishment. Once again "The Soviets have the initiative."

Although the fact that such an announcement was imminent was known in official Washington three weeks before it was made, no preparations were made to receive it in a way that might have weakened its impact and possibly turned it to our advantage. Instead, Secretary Dulles simply gave it the grim cold-water treatment that seems to be his Standard Operating Procedure for greeting every Soviet proposal, and once again we appeared before the world in the image of a disdainful, skeptical Mr. Gloom.

It is true that these cuts come very late and may mean simply a shift of emphasis from mass forces to even more dangerous, highly specialized nuclear weapons. The present U.S. Administration has been making some great cuts too; it has been concentrating on building nuclear weapons. But in doing so it has managed to discourage and even frighten our Allies. That is because the Administration wasn't actually thinking of the international and inter-Allied impact. It was thinking, when it made these cuts, of the impact of arms-budget savings on the voting constituents at home—not on our other, less vocal yet still very real constituency abroad. Indeed, for a long time the Allied armies have been given the role of fighting a pre-atomic war should an atomic war break out. Only during the last few weeks has our government's intention to share some nuclear weapons with our Allies been declared.

Secretaries Dulles and Wilson, in their response to the Soviet arms cuts, seemed anxious above all to warn Americans not to be deceived and fall into a Soviet trap. Dulles, in fact, went so far in response to a press-conference question as to imply that he rather wished the Soviets hadn't even made their cuts: He'd rather see those 1,200,000 men standing around on guard duty, he said, than released to industry to make atomic bombs.

This incredible statement is hardly designed to raise international confidence in our good sense or imagination. Western Europe may have some skepticism about the latest Soviet move, but it is even more skeptical about its own surviving mass armies as well as the wavering NATO structure.

The Soviets are revolutionizing their arms establishment. So are we. This should be the time to tell the Soviets: "The old strategic concepts we both shared no longer hold. Let's compare notes."

Housing Report

Most of the homes of the future at the International Home Building Exposition at the New York Coliseum had no bookshelves or bookcases.

Air Force Propaganda

As various Congressional committees were probing the armed forces of late, there were signs that a colossal interservice battle is shaping up. Some predict that it will make the not-too-long-ago "revolt of the admirals" look trifling by comparison. The main rivalry this time would involve the Army and the Air Force.

Already, systematic intelligence and counterintelligence have begun. Members of the press are being advised by each service, very confidentially of course, about what the other service is up to. One little document, purloined from the Air Force, has caused quite a furor in the Army command. It purports to be the master plan of Air Force domestic

NO EXIT

Sing a song of Singapore,
A sad and bitter song,
For England cannot do the right
Without committing wrong.

Sigh, O sigh for Cyprus now,
A long and heavy sigh,
For English blood must compensate
For Cypriotes who die.

And English honor in the West
For holding ramparts firm
Inspires in the ascendant East
The turning of the worm.

Between the devil and the deep,
The devil and the sea,
Now England, like her frogman brave,
Is caught, in agony.

—SEC

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propaganda for the years 1956-1957.

"Public understanding of the Air Force has reached a point of confusion," it says. "Air Force responsibilities, capabilities and accomplishments are obscure in the struggle for the public mind. We must take the public past the point of uncertainty. . . ." How is this noble purpose to be accomplished? With *facts*, that peculiarly American brand of fantasy. "Facts must be convincing, demonstrated, living salesmen of practical benefits. These are the only kinds of facts that mold public opinion and channel the vibrant tensions of public thinking; always deciding issues in the end, altering military policy as surely as defeat in war—they make public opinion the most powerful tool of all, more powerful even than war itself."

What has angered the Army brass particularly is the unique mission the Air Force arrogates to itself. In its own words, it is the "dominant decisive force." "The domination of the U.S. Air Force air power can be applied any time anywhere in any strength. It can effect a decision in small wars independently, or in combination with surface forces. It is the only existing U.S. military force capable of applying total nuclear warfare."

THE AIR FORCE propaganda program does not hesitate to stake out a claim over its control of the weapon systems of the future. "Missiles are an air weapon and by their very nature fall into the Air Force arsenal," the document states. A good many Army planners, convinced that their own missiles program is considerably in advance of the Air Force's, are not willing to recognize the hegemony of the rival service.

The Air Force document scheduled the propaganda barrage to begin with "maximum media space and time." Its theme is A DECADE OF SECURITY THROUGH GLOBAL AIRPOWER. Here we are back to Douhet and Seversky.

"Ordinarily, this type of public relations concept is not affected by timing," the document also says. "However, 1956 is an election year. Politics is a tough and unreasonable competitor for all media and audiences. For this reason, in the fall of 1956 USAF will be forced to relinquish most of the national stage to political exposition." During the Presidential campaign, the paper suggested the Air Force might turn to "community relations" and "internal activities."

Taking No Chances

Next to subversion, chance seems to be the American's worst enemy. Insurance, of course, is the first line of defense against accident or chance. You can insure against almost anything you can think of.

The latest is Vacation Rain Insurance: "the answer to the chance you take with the weather when you invest in a vacation," to quote an ad of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Group.

It goes on to explain that this new policy "can soothe your disappointment and can help restore your 'washed-out' vacation funds . . ." This is fine as far as it goes, but just think of the further possibilities. Life is full of washed-out moments of various sorts, and maybe insurance can help. Think of such possibilities as these: "My marriage fell flat on the rocks, and Cloudy Time Insurance covered half the alimony," or "When our son went delinquent, the Frailties Fund paid the psychiatrist," or even "I am an incurable business failure, but Below Par Group Insurance tempers the sting."

Come to think of it, this kind of insurance can develop into a sort of racket like accident faking. You go to a place where you are pretty sure it will rain, or plunge into a mess just to get some cash out of it all.

ANOTHER NOVELTY is provided by the American Express Company in the form of travel gift certificates for the June graduate, to cover anything from a weekend in Cuba to a world cruise, depending on the resources of his friends and relatives. This insurance, which could be called Getting the Kid Out of Your Hair at Last, should appeal to many parents broken in mind and body by conducting their own guided tour to maturity for twenty years or so. It should also appeal to the graduate, since it ensures him—for a while at least—against the chance of those dreaded family interviews about Making Something Out of Your Life.

Bricker vs. Bricker

One of Senator Bricker's chief aims in sponsoring his much-publicized amendment to the Constitution has been to prevent further application of the principle laid down by the 1920 Supreme Court decision in *Missouri* vs. *Holland*. Then the Court held that a piece of legislation that would have been unconstitutional in the absence of a treaty, because it encroached on state sovereignty, was Constitutional. Specifically, because of a treaty with Canada, the Federal government was permitted to regulate duck hunting in the several states. Senator Bricker feels emphatically that the affairs of ducks should be left to the states.

But in March Bricker co-sponsored a bill to get rid of the sea lampreys inhabiting the Great Lakes. The bill is designed to implement a recent treaty with Canada designed to protect both countries from this predator.

THE sea lamprey invaded the Great Lakes some years ago. Known as the vampire eel, it is rapidly killing most of the edible lake fish, and costs United States and Canadian fishermen more than five million dollars a year in the loss of lake trout alone.

Fortunately, the lamprey is vulnerable. Like the salmon, it must swim up tributary streams to spawn. With electric barriers stretched across the various rivers emptying into the Lakes, it is possible to electrocute them. However, every stream without exception must be barricaded; otherwise the sea lamprey, which is prolific, cannot be controlled. That is why a treaty between the U.S. and Canada had to be negotiated. Neither country could be expected to spend much if any of the outlets remained unguarded.

Except for the treaty power as set forth in *Missouri* vs. *Holland*, the Constitutional right of the Federal government to control lampreys in non-navigable state waters would be dubious, and the legislation of the Ohio Senator to implement the treaty might well be declared void. In short, the Bricker amendment—or the Dirksen substitute—would probably make Bricker's lamprey bill unconstitutional.

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Best Foot Forward

On a warm day not long ago, something nice happened in Central Park, New York. The classes of several dozen elementary public schools danced around Maypoles on the sheep meadow, a wide expanse of grass with a backdrop of skyscrapers and a canopy of sky, benign and blue. The music, played by a school band and blared through amplifiers, could be heard blocks away, and the sound was as merry as the sight: hundreds and hundreds of children whirling in opposing circles, the Maypole tops garlanded with bright paper, the white of the boys' shirts and the girls' blouses sparkling like patterns in a kaleidoscope.

When you came close you noticed two things at once. One was that two-thirds of the children were Negro or Puerto Rican. The other was that there were hardly any observers. Their absence was their loss, for here was a healthy and touching sight. Half the children were not sure of their dance patterns, went the wrong way, bumped and giggled, and harassed their patient teachers, but they were so happy with their jigging that it did not matter. Little black boys twirled around little white girls, little Puerto Ricans concentrated with great gravity on American folk-dance figures, and for a few hours at least, the pattern of pure democracy was clear and wonderful.

THERE should have been crowds to see it and exult in it. That there were not may be evidence that we are becoming more and more a race of secondhand spectators, so used to seeing things in our living rooms over TV that we cannot bother to walk half a mile to see the real world.

And even if this May dance had been televised, we could never have seen the pattern as a whole or experienced it as a part; smelled the hot grass, heard the gasping stuttering chatter of the children, noticed the bright bead circlets that held small black pony tails fast, caught the intricate footwork of a tiny colored girl, watched the heat shadows deepen under the children's eyes and their napes dampen in the sun.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ISRAELI RESTRAINT

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's article ("Israel: The Moment of Decision Goes By," *The Reporter*, May 17) makes a point that Americans, so distant from the Middle East, should bear in mind: namely, that the leaders and people of Israel have shown restraint amounting to heroism in refraining from launching a "preventive war."

As Mrs. Sterling makes clear, they have listened to threats of extermination broadcast from neighboring radios, suffered constant border shootings and murderous raids during eight years. They have seen the armed power of their menacing neighbors overtake and threaten to surpass their own.

The natural impulse of a people faced with such dangers is to react violently while it seems they still have an advantage in arms. To hold themselves in check at the risk of a later desperate battle against overpowering odds is evidence of the high quality of the civilization the people of Israel have brought into being.

Their restraint has placed a heavy burden of responsibility upon the United States and all the members of the United Nations, for, as Mrs. Sterling has stressed, the Israelis have gambled their very lives on the conviction that peace can be achieved without a prefatory war.

We should take the lead in seeing to it that this tremendous act of faith is sustained and justified by insisting that U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold continue the work he himself regards as only a beginning.

In my capacity as president of the America-Israel Society, a national education organization dedicated to strengthening mutual understanding by the exchange of cultural information, I believe I am in a position to know the attitudes of many Americans in all parts of our country toward Israel. It is my conviction that an overwhelming number of them, both Christians and Jews, are determined that the cultural values created in Israel must be preserved not merely for the Israelis but for the Middle East and the world.

THEODORE R. MCKELDIN
Governor
Annapolis, Maryland

LIBERALISM

To the Editor: Your reply to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ("The Future of Liberalism—a Debate," *The Reporter*, May 3) is well taken. I wonder whether the verdict of history will not be that the liberals had a pretty soft time of it, intellectually speaking, in selling the New and Fair Deals under the circumstances of the 1930's and 1940's.

This has had two unfortunate by-products. The first was what you took Schlesinger to task for—too superficial analysis and too outdated prescriptions. The second is more subtle—it is the belief that the new liberalism when it reappears will be very like the old liberalism. That is, it must be marked by an emotional surcharge, have easily identified enemies to subdue, and universally accepted means of subduing them. I would like to make the depressing suggestion that it may not be like this at all.

TOM DONNELLY
Ottawa

To the Editor: In your article answering Arthur Schlesinger's, you have missed the essence of his argument. The emphasis is not, as you seem to feel, "...that more Federal spending is needed, more taxes—and a greater expansion of the Federal bureaucracy." For instance, when Mr. Schlesinger points out that only five million dollars on the average is spent by the government on slum clearance annually, he is not advocating merely a greater outlay of money; he is primarily calling for a re-examination of certain values held by the American people. Specifically, this is a re-examination and redefinition that will honestly equate the importance of the "general welfare" with the desire for personal improvement. This failure to find a balance of the two in the midst of plenty is the point under attack by Mr. Schlesinger, not the fact that government doesn't spend enough money.

SCOTT AMOUR
San Francisco

To the Editor: Professor Schlesinger says that the spirit of liberalism aims not to indict any group as a special obstacle to change; but he also indicts those who produce for profit for lacking a philosophy of the public interest.

I would agree with him that privatization and overemphasis on personal [illegible] social gains have created serious problems in our public life in such areas as schools, medical care, and slum housing. But these problems would not be so great if, as Schlesinger implies, only the business community were self-interested. The fact is that the laborer, the white-collar worker, the doctors, lawyers, and teachers are also leading privatized lives and emphasizing private over social goals. If we consider the massive conservatism of the present public mood, it is evident that the producers for wages are just as complacent as the producers for profit.

The problem of "rehabilitating the public sector of our national life" won't be solved by making the businessman a scapegoat. That had some semblance of reason in the 1930's, but, as Schlesinger says, "Liberals will never meet the challenge of the 1950's until they realize that it is something essentially different from the challenge of the 1930's."

MICHAEL D. REAGAN
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: You accuse Schlesinger, and by imputation all liberals in the country like him, of oversimplifying the facts of power in this country. You suggest that the important problem of power today is that of private government. Is not this concept,

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however, a very old one in liberal thought and politics? It seems to me that one of the basic goals of liberalism is, and has been since the nineteenth century, the acknowledgment of the existence of private government and the transfer of power from these various private governments to the state machine, so that the power may be exercised by people who are politically responsible to those whom their power affects. That liberalism was primarily concerned with the power of businessmen is, to me, merely the result of the fact that before the Second World War, the only private government of any real power was the business community. I think liberalism has always been aware of the problem of private power and private governments. Today the problem lies in realizing that we have a multiplicity of private governments, and that there are others besides businessmen who must be made politically responsible.

My second point is that Mr. Schlesinger is not, as you claim, propounding any new form of isolation in his article. Nowhere in his article does Mr. Schlesinger look to a Fortress America. It seems to me that all he is saying is, and I heartily agree with him, that one of the most important weapons at our disposal in the cold war is the will to clean up our own house to show the rest of the world that our form of society is better than the Russian. Mr. Schlesinger does not suggest any diminution of effort in the field of foreign affairs. He merely says that extensive psychological warfare is far less effective in winning noncommitted peoples to our side than the setting of a good example would be.

PETER J. DOERR
East Dennis, Massachusetts

To the Editor: On the domestic scene, Ascoli's criticism of Schlesinger seems to me supplemental rather than contradictory. Schlesinger points to a number of unfinished domestic tasks for liberals, and Ascoli points to still other tasks, especially those relating to the misfeasances of Big Labor and other forms of private government. If Schlesinger seems to concentrate on control of Big Government by liberals, this, I take it, arises because each and all of us have a vote in Big Government, while we have virtually no vote in Big Business or Big Labor, etc., unless we are within the managerial group.

It is not that Schlesinger worships Big Government, or fails to see its faults. Rather, it is because it is the one instrumentality where liberals, potentially, have a chance to wield influence, not only within Big Government but over all forms of private government.

Where Ascoli really scores is in criticizing Schlesinger's position that "We cannot convincingly champion freedom before the world" so long as we have segregation, infringement of freedom, and mediocre living conditions for too many at home. This position seems to me quite fallacious. The extreme inequalities, the abject poverty, illiteracy, and disease of much of the world's population cannot wait until we have achieved for the ever-lessening minorities at home what an ever-increasing majority of us already enjoy. Because we are making progress faster in all these categories than most other countries, there is an ever-widening gap between us and much of the rest of the world, a gap that menaces the peace of the world.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Washington

To the Editor: Both Ascoli and Schlesinger find us staring at a blank wall, a nation turned leisure class, leaning back in its easy chairs, a highball within reach—essentially frustrated and bored. New values cannot be forged overnight simply because there is a need for them. If American liberalism has been largely concerned with what Schlesinger calls "quantitative" improvements, it cannot turn "qualitative"—much as I agree that it should—by a mere decision. And if our nation is really turning into a bored and frivolous leisure class, it might present a poor breeding ground for creative achievements. Just what is behind this gray-flannel-suited, TV-gazing, highball-sipping malaise?

And yet, one of the striking things about the spread of relative economic security is the rise of large new sectors to a position where they are becoming anxious about educating themselves. Spectacularly rising college and evening-school registration figures, mass reading of pocket books including much good and classic stuff, certain aspects of the hi-fi and LP fads—all this denotes that something unprecedented in history may be the fortunate culmination of the American story: a truly democratic civilization. The existing barriers to the full practice and enjoyment of freedom should, it seems to me, be viewed as barriers still in the way of this coming democratic civilization—and everything should be done to clear them away. To tackle "popular education" in a new, vigorous, imaginative way—not just as a stepchild of "regular education"—would seem to me the job for American liberalism today, qualitative or otherwise, and a very challenging job at that.

THOMAS GOLDSTEIN
New York

To the Editor: The Schlesinger-Ascoli debate on "The Future of Liberalism" brings to mind a story. A learned and saintly old rabbi, revered for his gentle nature and judicial astuteness, was approached by two men who found themselves embroiled in an argument too serious to be settled without outside help. First the rabbi listened carefully to the plaintiff and when he heard him out declared: "You are right." Then he gave as careful heed to the defendant, and when he was done declared also: "You are right." Whereupon his wife intervened and asked: "I know you are by far more clever than I, but will you tell me how you come to the decision that they are both right?" So the rabbi turned to her and said: "That's a good question, and I think you're right too."

LILLIAN R. OTT
Hollywood, California

(For the continuation of our debate on "The Future of Liberalism," see page 15.)

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS ISSUE we return to the agonizing problem of race relations, which, in both political and human terms, has become so acute in our country. **Robert Bendiner** reports on the deep emotional revulsion that is taking place among American Negroes wherever they fully enjoy the right to vote. There are occasions when the political myth of the mass vote attributed to the so-called racial, religious, and occupational minorities, becomes a near reality. This may well be the case now with the "Negro vote": Large numbers of Negroes who had acquired the habit of voting Democratic seem to be drifting away, at least in certain areas, from the party of F. D. R. Mr. Bendiner's investigation in some of the major metropolitan communities describes the situation as of *now*. Incidentally, our readers will be glad to know that the author has received a Benjamin Franklin award for his article "The 'Engineering of Consent'—a Case Study" (*The Reporter*, August 11, 1955). Staff writer **Marya Mannes** went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and tells about a project to bring gifted Negro youths to the high level of culture to which their natural gifts entitle them. Her account is a tribute to "Nessfeness" and to Harvard.

The first round of the Schlesinger-Ascoli debate on American liberalism (*The Reporter*, May 3) comes to a close in this issue. The response to it has been extensive and spirited, both from people who were invited to take a part in it and from those constant participants in all our debates—our readers. Mr. Truman, busy packing for his trip to Europe, had time for only the short letter that we publish on page 15. Among all the leading politicians, it was he who showed the keenest interest in the debate. As our editor found out in a conversation with him before he sailed, Mr. Truman is a strong believer in the division of labor between politicians and eggheads. Both groups, Mr. Truman thinks, perform equally important functions in shaping the nation's policies.

In addition to letters from our readers, of which for reasons of space we can publish only a representative selection, the participants in the debate are as follows: **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** co-author of *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, professor of corporation law at Columbia, has had a long and distinguished career in government; **Seymour E. Harris** is author and editor of numerous books on economics; **Leon H. Keyserling** is the former Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and president of the Conference on Economic Progress; **Jacob K. Javits** is Attorney General of the State of New York; and **Thomas K. Finletter** was formerly Secretary of the Air Force.

Edmond Taylor, our Paris Correspondent, takes the occasion of an incredibly complicated trial involving defense leakages to describe something related but even more complicated: French Masonry—which is very different from the Masonry we know in our country. As Mr. Taylor shows, the French Masons have great political importance.

Chalmers M. Roberts of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* has turned out another of those jobs of interpretive chronology of recent history that have so greatly contributed to the establishment of his high reputation among Washington political writers.

Harvey Wheeler, who teaches at Washington and Lee University, was present when the late Senator Alben Barkley made his last speech.

It is a cliché that suburbia means conservatism and Republicanism, but **Bernard Crick** reports that, at least in California, it is precisely in suburbia that the Democratic Party is finding new vitality. Mr. Crick is an Englishman who has lived and taught for some time in California.

Paul Brock is an American newspaperman and war veteran.

A soldier writes about a soldier: Brigadier General **Thomas R. Phillips** (U.S.A.–Ret.) reviews General Ridgway's book.

Harold R. Isaacs is a frequent contributor to *The Reporter*.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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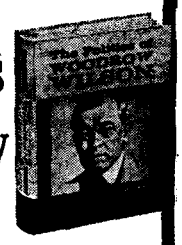
The Politics of Woodrow Wilson



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The Negro Vote And the Democrats

ROBERT BENDINER

After nearly three decades, Republican masterminds think they may have found a way to enjoy national power even without such happy political accidents as Dwight D. Eisenhower. To most of them it has long been apparent that the Grand Old Party cannot again be a going concern, in any permanent way, unless it recaptures America's great cities, which since 1928 have unfailingly given fat pluralities to the Democrats. What gladdens their souls today is the strong hunch that for thousands—maybe scores of thousands—of Negro voters, the bloom at last is off the hybrid party of Herbert Lehman and Herman Talmadge. If that hunch is sound, the way lies open to reclaim the big cities of the North for Lincoln, Emancipation, and Leonard W. Hall.

The pleasure that Republican chieftains profess to derive from this quarter raises questions that bear heavily not only on this year's elections but on the whole emerging pattern of American politics. Is there a Negro vote? If so, is it decisive? And is there reason to believe that changes are in the wind?

The Growing Bloc

For good and obvious reasons, social and economic, Negroes have in fact tended to vote en bloc, as a few simple statistics will testify. Up to 1936 the Negro vote was rightly regarded by the Republican Party as the safest of its fixed assets, a kind of perpetual monument to Reconstruction. Before the advent of Roosevelt only the Negroes of New York and Kansas City, organized respectively by Tammany and Tom Pendergast, voted Democratic even locally. And they too plumped regularly for Republicans in national elections.

But Roosevelt, WPA, public housing, and Social Security changed a whole racial allegiance almost overnight. From 1936 right down through the Eisenhower election of 1952, the Negro vote has run close to eighty per cent Democratic. Stevenson got some seventy-four per cent of New York's Negro vote in that Republican year, and a G.O.P. spokesman told me that not one of Philadelphia's Negro wards went for

Eisenhower. Three typical colored precincts in Baltimore's Cherry Hill section reported Stevenson triumphs by votes of 507-15, 410-46, and 675-76. And Negro areas of Detroit gave him as many as ninety-one per cent of their ballots. If that isn't bloc voting, it's close enough to be so regarded by rule-of-thumb politicians.

To appreciate the strategic nature of this vote, it is necessary first to note the points of its greatest concentration: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, and Cincinnati. Then run down the figures of the last Democratic victory, in which Truman carried Illinois by 33,612 votes, California by 17,865, and Ohio by 7,107. Less than a fifteen per cent switch in the Negro vote would have delivered all three of those states to Dewey, enough to have slipped him into the White House and made Korea "a Republican war."

Obviously the Northern and Western states with high Negro populations—New York, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and California—are of crucial importance to a Presidential ticket, totaling as they do 181 electoral votes out of the 266 needed to win. What is more, the great migration from the South is still on in full force. Where the nation's Negro population outside the South was less than three million as recently as 1940, it is now pushing five million. Where Philadelphia's white population dropped something like 30,000 from 1930 to 1950, its colored population shot up by 160,000. New York and Chicago report an influx of 1,500 to 3,000 Negroes a month, with close to twenty per cent of the Illinois city already colored. All together, as Samuel Lubell has pointed out, the Negro population in the industrial states of the North has been rising five to ten times as rapidly as the white population. And the same sort of boom is on in the West, where in one census decade the number of Negroes has gone up from 170,706 to 570,821.

This migration has already had a marked political effect. Harlem alone gave Averell Harriman far more than his margin of victory in his 1954 race for the governorship of New York. Chicago's Negro wards carried Illinois for Truman. And Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia credits the Negro vote with having installed him in City Hall. With considerable plausibility, the *Wall Street Journal* suggests that this year "In many states, a ten per cent shift among Negroes . . . could

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do much to offset farmer defection to the Democrats."

Devil for Witch

It is against this background that one attempts to catch the drift of political sentiment in the large Negro communities. Obviously it is not a drift that can as yet be measured accurately. In the first place, Negroes are even less given than whites to confiding their political intentions to strange pollsters. Secondly, positions are still fluid, subject to change, depending on the Democratic ticket, on whether passions over the segregation issue boil up in the coming months or are allowed to simmer down, on the continuation of good times, and other such imponderables. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that if Stevenson were to run against Eisenhower tomorrow, the Negro vote would show a very marked swing away from the Democratic Party—more, according to the most informed estimates, than the fifteen per cent that could make a decisive difference in the close states. Another large segment of that vote would probably not show up in the regular party columns at all, but only in that invisible stay-at-home total that signifies a plague on both houses.

Perhaps the saving grace, from the Democratic viewpoint, is that the rebellion appears to be working down from the top and may not go deep enough into the rank and file by November to be as disastrous as Republican strategists fondly hope. The most direct blasts, naturally enough in view of their sensitivity to race issues, have come from leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Theoretically, the N.A.A.C.P. is strictly nonpartisan, but until this year it has run in easy harness with the New Deal-Fair Deal party. It was all the more of a jolt, then, to Democratic politicians when Roy Wilkins, N.A.A.C.P. executive secretary, recently told a Chicago audience: "Up here Senator James O. Eastland's name is not on our ballots. We did not make him chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, where he has life-and-death power over civil-rights bills, and over the appointment of Federal judges and United States attorneys. But up here we can have something to say about the party that made Eastland chairman of a committee which can choke us whether we live in Mississippi or Illinois or Montana. Up here we can strike a blow in defense of our brothers in the South, if necessary by swapping the known devil for the suspected witch."

This would seem to be as partisan as a nonpartisan spokesman can get. But any Negro voter who may find the suggestion too subtle can always fall back on the more explicit language of the Association's Washington director, Clarence Mitchell. If the Democratic Party persists in weighing itself down with such an "albatross" as Senator Eastland, Mitchell recently observed, it may have to "kiss our votes good-by."

The Three Congressmen

Three Northern Negroes, all Democrats, sit in the House of Representatives, and they rather neatly represent the spread of political thought within the Democratic Negro community. On one extreme is Adam Clayton Powell of New York. Harlem intellectuals tend to write off this erratic clergyman-politician who appears to have favored Eisenhower, Kefauver, and a third party all within a span of three months. But with reputedly the largest Protestant congregation in the world—ten to fifteen thousand members—a seat in Congress, and access to the pages of *Reader's Digest*, he can hardly be said to lack influence. Last February Powell told a Boston audience that he would vote for Eisenhower over Stevenson because the President has made "the greatest contribution to civil rights in the history of the United States."

At the other side of the Negro Congressional trio is Representative William L. Dawson of Chicago, boss of the tightest and largest Negro political machine in the country. Local gains under Democratic Administrations, Congressman Dawson thinks, will keep the Negroes safely tied to the party, a common if possibly wishful view among the professionals, but even he concedes that all is not well. "Sure there is considerable unrest among Negroes over Stevenson's statements on segregation, but that doesn't mean they will vote against him." By way of proof Dawson points to the turnout in the recent Illinois primary, in which Chicago's Negro wards, with small evidence of defection, voted for Stevenson as the party's nominee. Other Negro observers will tell you, however, that Chicago is not a reliable criterion because there are no Dawson machines anywhere else and because the Negro immigration into Chicago is made up to a considerable extent of newcomers to the franchise, people from the backward Delta country who can be influenced more readily than the sophisticated colored populations of the East.

Between Powell and Dawson is Congressman Charles C. Diggs, Jr., of Detroit, a soft-spoken intellectual and an ardent supporter of Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams. "At this point," Diggs says, "there is reason to be concerned" about political unrest among Negro Democrats. He hears a good deal of rebellious talk in his district, most of it directed against Stevenson but some of it aimed at the party as a whole. Events, he says, have made Negroes "independent, ready to vote whatever way appeals to them at the moment—their ties to the party have been weakened."

Michigan Negroes have fared so well under Governor Williams, Diggs says, that he expects no wholesale flight from the party, and he denies that his own Democratic ties have been in any way weakened. Even so, he recently went so far as to tell a radio audience that his party "is now subjected to legitimate criticism because of equivocating actions of some of its present leaders" and to advise those concerned with civil rights to "withhold support from any individual candidate, regardless of his party, who fails to take a positive stand on this vital issue."

Stevenson's Stand

The political unrest among Negro voters has been swelling ever since the first violent Southern reactions to the Supreme Court's ban on segregation in the schools. As a Negro politician in Philadelphia put it to me, this was to be the "year of decision," in which men were to stand up and be counted.

Unfortunately it was at the height of popular feeling over the Lucy and Till cases and the Montgomery

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bus boycott that Adlai Stevenson was called upon to do his standing. In a series of February speeches and statements he laid down his own line with candor as always, with a statesman's long perspective and without much concession to the temper of Negro citizens: "We must proceed gradually"; "We cannot by the stroke of a pen reverse customs and traditions that are older than the Republic"; "True integration . . . requires a change in the hearts and minds of men." He suggested that 1963, the centennial year of the Emancipation Proclamation, might be a good "target date" for complete integration of the schools. He opposed the so-called Powell amendment to withhold Federal aid to school districts that refused to desegregate, on the logical ground that more education was needed, not less. And while urging "all reasonable speed," he suggested that "we will not improve the present condition . . . by coercive Federal action . . ."

Social historians may well pronounce all this the wisdom of Solomon, but political historians are likelier to find in his choice of words a classic example of the semantic pitfalls in politics.

A Dead Duck?

Everywhere I went in Negro communities, I found this word "gradualism" the red rag. "That means a hundred years," I was told, "and maybe never." Colored leaders, Democrat and Republican alike, seemed appalled at the staff work that allowed Stevenson to use the hated word—on the very day, as coincidence would have it, that Autherine Lucy was being removed from the University of Alabama campus in a most ungradual way.

A New York colored leader, still sadly for Stevenson but unwilling to be named, said simply that his candidate "has lost status among Negro voters," and that he finds this with everyone he has talked to. "They feel he is pussyfooting and playing for Southern support." A Baltimore district leader confided, "I can understand his trying to hold the party together, but something's got to give."

A Harlem reporter, who hasn't given up on the Democratic Party as a whole, conceded none the less that Negro political circles regard Stevenson as "a false-hearted lover," and that as far as colored party workers are concerned, "he's a dead duck right now."

An official of a major Negro social organization who has always considered himself a Democrat is doubtful this year. "I won't commit myself now," he said. "It depends on the candidates and on a lot of things." One of his colleagues, a man greatly respected in Harlem, says he has suspended judgment on Stevenson, formerly something of a hero in his eyes; right now he prefers Kefauver. And another complains ruefully that when he puts in a good word for Stevenson these days, he has to fend off half the staff. He runs into an "amazing number of Negroes," he says, who tell him they are switching party allegiance.

A Negro reporter on a large New York daily, very knowing in the ways of politics, told me that at a recent social gathering in Harlem only two out of some twenty-five guests defended Stevenson, though practically all of them had voted for him in 1952. More than half his friends, he says, are now determinedly against the Illinois candidate, and he himself may be "one of those who vote for every place on the ticket except President."

A Republican Party worker in Philadelphia, conceding that the G.O.P. itself "is not loved by the Negroes" of that city, who have done "marvelously well under Democratic local administration," says that Stevenson can't recover the Negro vote, because colored people "stopped listening" to him after his pronouncement on gradualism.

A good part of the Negro press is moving away from the Democratic camp. The New York *Amsterdam News* supported Stevenson four years ago, but there are strong indications that it will be in the Republican fold this fall. The Chicago *Defender,* long a Democratic bulwark among Negro papers, is wobbling seriously. Louis E. Martin, its editor, is quoted as warning that "Negroes as a whole can no longer abide the Democratic Party that embraces its Southern leaders." And editorially he predicts "a major shift in political alignments," with Negroes throughout the country ready to "switch horses in 1956."

So far the primaries offer no conclusive index of the drift. There was a flurry of excitement over the Wisconsin affair, when pundits found that the Democratic vote in Milwaukee's predominantly Negro Sixth Ward appeared to be nineteen per cent lower in terms of the total vote cast than in the general election of 1952. But any comparison between a primary and a general election is wholly misleading, and the fact seems to be that the Democrats got a better turnout this year than in the 1952 primary. It should be noted, however, that the only Democrat running in Wisconsin was Kefauver, not Stevenson. It is true, furthermore, that in the district in question Eisenhower got more votes in this year's primary than he did in the last general election, which must mean something.

G.O.P. Optimism

Republican politicians are, of course, hoping and counting on an over-all exasperation among the Negroes with the Democratic Party and all its works. Joseph V. Baker, a colored G.O.P. functionary in Philadelphia, looks for no "logic" in November and no fine splitting of tickets. "The change in voting habit will be emotional," he says, brimming with confidence. "Negroes won't be going for or against Republicans or Democrats. They'll be voting against the South, against segregation, against the handling of the Till case, and the rest of it."

Another Republican—in Baltimore—echoed the same thought, or wish: "The Negro mind is so inflamed by what's happened that he's

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probably going to turn to the Republicans no matter what they do. He's going to vote against the Democrats, not for the Republicans."

In such a climate—and I am convinced it is building up—Kefauver would fare little if any better than Stevenson. His bold advice to Florida Democrats to accept the Court's decision as "the final word" and to settle the segregation problem promptly was well received in Northern Negro communities, but it would be a gross exaggeration to suggest that he is regarded as a champion to be mentioned in the same breath with Roosevelt, Truman, Lehman, or even the Stevenson of 1952. "He does get down to the common man," I was told by a colored Democrat in Pennsylvania, "but when you come from Tennessee, the presumption is against you." Carl Murphy, publisher of the *Afro-American,* calling up the shade of poor Andrew Johnson, commented: "We had one President from Tennessee, didn't we? That's a strike and a half against him right there." And Mr. Baker of Philadelphia merely observed that "If Jesus of Nazareth were a Southerner, he'd be a beaten man in the Negro wards."

The California Test

Allowing for partisan hyperbole, this political analysis doubtless has substance. If there is an exception it should emerge in the California primary of June 5, with fateful consequences for the two Democratic front runners. With all the major Negro leaders of the state originally for him, plus the party organization, plus adequate cash, Stevenson started out with every trick in the deck, only to lose most of them by his pronouncements on segration. Moreover, it is charged, he failed to meet with Negro groups or to fraternize with individuals to anything like the same degree as Kefauver, who held closed-door sessions for the purpose at the state Democratic convention in Fresno.

If the primary had been held at the end of February, there is hardly much doubt that Stevenson's chance for the Presidency would have been gravely imperiled. Several important Negro leaders switched sides and later appeared on Kefauver's slate of delegates, in spite of pressures by the state machine. The San Francisco *Eagle,* a Negro paper, warned Stevenson that there would be more such switches unless he changed his "moderation" tune, and it soon became apparent that Kefauver's strength was greatest in the Los Angeles area, by far the largest center of Negro population in the state.

Information from the Coast now indicates that Stevenson has recovered some of the lost ground, particularly since Kefauver's relatively poor showing in the New Jersey primary. As in other Negro communities, the fact that Kefauver is from Tennessee is against him, and

while his record on civil rights is good for a Southern Senator, it is not good enough to set colored voters to dancing in the streets. If he wins their votes, it is fair to say, it will be less out of enthusiasm for him than out of resentment of Stevenson. Should that preference be emphatic, however, it may well be enough to eliminate Stevenson long before the national convention meets in Chicago.

Some of the Negro dissatisfaction with the Democratic Party would doubtless be arrested by the nomination of Averell Harriman. The New York governor has said all the right things, demanded Federal action in the Lucy case, and backed the Powell amendment. He has also made a number of appointments highly pleasing to the Negro community. What is more, many Negroes see Harriman as the same social type as Franklin D. Roosevelt. I was given to understand that they have confidence in a man who takes the right position and is at the same time "rich enough to be independent."

Crediting Eisenhower

To imagine, however, that Harriman is strong enough to reverse the trend entirely is to assume—mistakenly, I think—that the trend is wholly negative, to discount altogether the positive appeal that Eisenhower has for Negro voters in his own right. It is impossible to talk politics in a colored gathering without hearing that the President has contributed quite a bit to the cause of Negro advancement.

That Mr. Eisenhower had no more to do with the Court's anti-segregation ruling than Queen Elizabeth is irrelevant. If nothing else, he is credited with "creating the climate" for that historic opinion. He is further esteemed—and with more plausibility—for getting the District of Columbia Commissioners to enforce an old statute banning Jim Crow from the capital city's restaurants, bars, theaters, and recreational areas. "For the first time in history," I was told emphatically, "Washington is a clean place for Negroes to go."

Desegregation in the armed forces and in schools on military posts was started by President Truman—General Eisenhower took a dim view of it before the Senate Armed Services Committee at the time. But it has been completed by President Eisenhower, and he gets the credit. Federal patronage has hardly been spread with a lavish hand in Harlem or in Chicago's Bronzeville, but Negroes know that one of their number is Assistant Secretary of Labor and in his chief's absence sits in on Cabinet meetings, that another is chairman of the Federal Parole Board, that a third is a White House administrative aide, and that others on the policymaking level are now scattered throughout the Executive departments.

If they don't know about this, it isn't the fault of the party's Director of Minorities, Val J. Washington, who has put out ninety thousand copies of a campaign booklet gloriously titled "Abe & Ike, In Deed Alike," which lists, with pictures, more than a score of Negroes who

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hold posts of eminence in the Eisenhower Administration.

This sort of appeal is effective, of course, only in the degree to which the more basic economic appeal of the Democrats has been weakened. If unemployment were severe in the large Negro communities and wages abnormally low, it would take more than the distribution of two dozen Federal plums to pry the colored vote away from its Democratic moorings. But the fact is that economically, as experts on Harlem pointed out to me, city Negroes are "better off now than ever before—much better off." According to Sylvia Porter, the New York *Post's* financial columnist, Negro income has been going up so phenomenally since the end of the war that makers of national-brand products are tumbling over each other in competition for the new market.

Here again the Republican Administration has had little to do with the end result, but among Negroes, as among whites, present peace and present prosperity are potent recommendations for any present government. Added to frustration over the Democratic Party's futile thrashing about on civil rights, they make the large Negro centers lush fields for Republican missionaries to cultivate. As one Democratic ward heeler sadly put it to me, his people would "rather go ahead with what they have in Washington now than take chances." Unless, he added, "they get a Democratic candidate they can really trust."

The Tacit Ultimatum

Most of the people I listened to seemed to think it would take even more than a trusted nominee. Almost without exception, they feel that the Democrats can hold the Negro vote in line only if they adopt an uncompromising plank on civil rights, an unequivocal stand on enforcing the Supreme Court's ruling. They want a nominee who will stand up anywhere in the country, as Henry Lee Moon of the N.A.A.C.P. put it to me, and say something like this: "I give full support to the Court's decision as a legal and moral imperative. We can no longer afford to countenance the immorality and idiocy of a dual standard of citizenship. If elected, I will use the full power of the Executive Office to see that these decrees are implemented."

Behind this sort of demand is the tacit ultimatum that the party make a historic decision—that it choose, this year, between the strategic Negro vote in the North (and much of the liberal and minority-conscious white support that goes with it) and the electoral vote of the Deep South. The Southern Manifesto, signed by a hundred Southerners in Congress, and the elevation of Senator Eastland have been severe shocks to Northern party campaign workers who have long been trying to find room for the Powells and the Eastlands under the same tent. The Manifesto, which branded the Court's opinion a "clear abuse of judicial power," was not the work of "Dixiecrats," but was launched by Senator George and signed by such pillars of party respectability as Senators Hill, Sparkman, and Fulbright. The Negro press has been driving home that point, and Republican advance men are out plugging the slogan "A Vote for the Democrats Is a Vote for Eastland."

As a result, Negro party workers feel that only a dramatic stand at Chicago can reverse the tide. Moreover, they argue, such a stand would be tactically sound. The Republican Party has no attraction for segregationists this year, and if some of the Southern states should break to a third party, as they did in 1948, the loss would not be irreparable. Roosevelt didn't need the Solid South for his victories, and Truman won without it. What's more, conciliation did the party no good four years ago. Delegates who rejected a loyalty pledge were seated anyway, the civil-rights plank was watered down, and an Alabaman was nominated for Vice-President. Yet three Southern governors came out for Eisenhower, and the Republicans carried Florida, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware.

Possible Combinations

To many a Negro voter, then, the real choice at Chicago will be between "party unity," which necessarily means compromise, and serving notice on the Southerners to accept integration or get out of the party. If the choice is for unity or a reasonable facsimile thereof, Stevenson would obviously be the logical nominee. It would be "a disaster," he recently told the Atlanta *Constitution,* "if the South should leave the Democratic Party because of a civil-rights dispute."

If, on the other hand, the decision is to lay the civil-rights issue on the line, the party banner would more logically be entrusted to someone like Harriman or Governor Meyner of New Jersey or Governor Leader of Pennsylvania. But since party conventions have been known to put expediency above logic, it should surprise no one if the combination is reversed in the hope of satisfying both sides a little longer. In that case we may see the "gradualist" Stevenson running on a drastic civil-rights plank or Harriman running on a mild one.

Nobody would be altogether happy with either arrangement, but the day of decision would be put off once again. To some, Stevenson and Dawson among them, the hope is that if that day can be put off long enough it may never have to come. The South itself, under the pressures of industrialization, will eventually be changed enough to allow the party to rebuild itself around its enlightened elements, Northern and Southern, and patience will at last have its reward.

In the meantime, however, the militant and the frustrated, in this case a sizable bloc, will have taken their ballots elsewhere. A majority of Negro votes will probably be found in the Democratic column even in this year of strong emotion, but all the signs are that the days of eighty per cent majorities are over and done with.

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'Nessfeness' At Harvard

MARYA MANNES

THERE HAVE been Negro students at Harvard for many years, and the fact that people go out of their way to welcome them there can mean several things. One is that it is entirely natural for a great institution to accept and instruct all races. Another is that the warm reception of a few Negroes among the thousands of white undergraduates constitutes a kind of self-conscious prejudice in reverse.

The reason that there are not more Negro students in universities like Harvard and schools like Exeter is not because they cannot qualify but because they cannot afford to go. And since the bright Negro student in a segregated Southern school knows that this kind of education is above his reach, the incentive for it ebbs out of him; and he is lost from that greater productivity, both intellectual and economic, which is vital to his race and to his nation.

It is this enormous wastage of intelligence and talent among sixteen million Americans that the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students (they call it "Nessfeness" for convenience) is beginning to redeem, bit by bit, student by student. For more than seven years it has worked to release Negro intelligence and talent from the stockade of segregation and deprivation so that they can ripen in a free society. In the last two years alone, its Southern Project, financed by a grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, has helped 523 Negro students move from seventy-eight segregated high schools to 138 nonsegregated colleges and universities in both North and South.

IT WAS the desire to see for myself what happened to these students after the shift was made that impelled me to Cambridge last month. It was snowing heavily when I walked through the gates of Harvard Yard. The dark-red buildings were wet, the paths across the campus glistened black, the ground was thinly white, and the branches of the tall old trees, still leafless, twitched in the stinging wind. Heads bowed before it, young men from all the states crossed to their classes, most of them in sneakers and carrying green cloth book bags slung over their shoulders. They seemed very young and confident, knowing where they were going, guarding their private worlds, growing, exulting. It was difficult not to envy them, for the doubts and miseries that may have burdened some were not visible. They seemed at the beginning of everything, with the infinite adventure of choice before them. Yet along with envy was compassion for their youth, and a heavy knowledge of the obstacle course each one would run when he left this fortress and dream, when choice could be agonizing and final. And I could not help but feel that for the young Negroes this course would be twice as long and twice as hard.

In Weld Hall I talked at length with John Monro, director of Harvard's Financial Aid Office, who works most directly both with Nessfeness in New York and with the students whose support Harvard shares. Intense and black-browed, Monro spoke with vigorous enthusiasm not only for the project itself but for the young men who profited by it.

"Let's talk about Johnson first, shall we?" he said, taking out a thick file. (I have substituted fictitious names for both of the Negro undergraduates I met in Cambridge.) "Ralph Johnson was born in the South," Monro went on, "but his family moved to Washington, D. C., when he was a kid. His father's a janitor in a government building. His mother's a housewife. Neither went to college, of course. The family income is about $3,200.

"The Nessfeness scouts spotted Johnson first as a senior in Dunbar High School—that was one of the best segregated schools in the country, so maybe Johnson isn't entirely typical. He was in the top ten per cent of the class. Always wanted to go to a Northern college but didn't see how he could possibly afford it. The Nessfeness people took it from there. They worked with his principal and counselors. Gave him a scholastic-aptitude screening test. Spoke to his parents and enlisted what help they could give. Got in touch with us and arranged financing. Together we mapped out how he could earn part of his way himself.

"You see, Plaut's outfit [Richard L. Plaut is the executive vice-chairman and moving spirit of N.S.S.F.N.S.] is trying more and more to reach these kids even before they're finishing high school. They want to give these kids a motivation as early as possible, so that they can work steadily toward the goal of superior education in unsegregated colleges."

Monro shook his head admiringly. "It's a terrific job. Do you know, those Nessfeness people visited the segregated high schools in forty-five of the largest cities of the South—not once but seven times? But it's the only way, of course. You can't do this sort of thing by remote control. You have to *know* the boy, know his background, his people, his teachers, his potentialities. And even these aptitude tests can't always tell you."

He turned to a page of a report. "Look, here's what they found out in their Southern Project: 'For these deprived groups, existing standardized tests of scholastic aptitude seem to measure what students *have* learned rather than what they *can* learn.' And listen to this: 'Hidden reserves of talent among culturally and economically deprived groups' are probably much larger than had previously been estimated."

Monro bent over Johnson's file again and took out some papers.

"This is an extraordinary boy," he said. "He has tremendous inner strength—a sort of built-in center of gravity, and an instinctive social grace. These are the kind of things his tutors write about him: 'minutely faithful,' 'faintly sad and immensely patient,' 'His humor is always appropriate.'"

I asked Monro whether Johnson

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was extraordinary as a Negro or extraordinary as a person. He thought awhile. "As a person. He would be an extraordinary white too.

"I'm not saying," he added, "that Johnson is an extraordinary student. He was top at Dunbar, while he's just about in the middle here. But he has a superior ability to relate information—to make sense of it. I would say that he will be a success at anything he does."

'Did You Feel Lost?'

When I met Johnson later in his rooms at Eliot House I kept thinking of all the things Monro had said of him. Here was a quiet, gentle, serious young Negro. The center of gravity was there, all right; this was a man who did not have to prove anything.

We talked of his ambitions. He was a pre-med student and thought he wanted to be a general practitioner, but was not quite sure yet. We talked of his interests: He was president of the Rifle Club and a keen shot. He worked in social-relations projects in Cambridge. For two years he had waited on table in dining halls to earn part of his keep; this year he worked as a porter in a boardinghouse.

He roomed with two white students. I looked at their living room as he spoke. It was bare, shabby, dusty, and airless, with the mouse-nest quality of most sanctuaries of the young male. The shade of the one big window fronting on the quadrangle was pulled far down. A row of dirty glasses stood on the mantelpiece. There were no pictures, but assorted records, classical and jazz, lay on a table. On another table was a glass aquarium, smudged outside by fingerprints and inside by the tracks of its three inhabitant snails.

"What are they for?" I asked.

Johnson smiled. "We're making experiments with them. Feeding experiments." As in all his answers, there was a definite halt; it was difficult to pursue anything beyond a certain point.

"What about your social life—nights and weekends? What happens?"

He said that evenings after dining hall he usually had to work. On weekends he had dates.

"Do you date with your college friends or roommates, or with friends outside the college?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "Both."

We went back to his first year at Harvard. "Was it tough?" I asked. "Did you feel lost?

"I felt lost in one way," he said, "but I guess that was the way any freshman feels—getting the hang of things, and studies and all that."

"What about this free atmosphere—this unsegregated life for the first time?"

"It was wonderful," he said. "I'd never seen anything like it."

"Tell me," I asked, "would you recommend this experience of yours to any bright Negro student who qualified?"

He thought a moment. "Maybe not any," he said. "It takes a little preparation. Now, the boys who've had a year or two at an unsegregated prep school—I know one at Andover, places like that—they get on easier here. It's less of a jump."

"Have you ever had the slightest problem or difficulty here being a Negro?"

He shook his head. "I can't remember one," he said.

"What happens when you go back to Washington and your family, and life isn't like this? Does it disturb you?"

He laughed. "When I go home I just sleep and relax and take walks," he said. The end again, I thought, but pursued him.

"Don't you find that your old friends—the ones that haven't had this sort of experience—don't they and you have less in common now?"

He hesitated a moment. "Well, maybe so. The kids who have gone to Negro colleges don't seem as ambitious . . . they're not so stimulated as the fellows here."

"Why is that?"

"Well, maybe it's the teachers. They just don't stimulate you the way Harvard teachers do." He chuckled. "It's almost too stimulating here!"

A Chat with the Tutor

Shortly after leaving him, I went to Kirkland House to see the senior tutor of another Negro boy who had come to Harvard under the combined aegis of N.S.S.F.N.S. and Harvard scholarships.

The tutor, pipe in mouth, had little to say about William Baxter beyond the reports Monro had already given me. Bill was a good average pre-med student, cheerful, lively, pleasant, and very diligent both at learning and working to help himself. He came from one of the border states, his father was a sandblaster, the family income was just over $3,000. As in Johnson's case, he was a protégé of the Harvard Club in his city; like Johnson he learned of the National Scholarship Service at his segregated high school, where the Nessfeness staff had helped him on his way.

"Bill is always on the go," said the senior tutor. "He's president of the Harvard Society for Minority Rights, he's on our house committee, he's on the house track team, he's on the band, and at nights he has the milk-and-doughnut concession. When he isn't doing any of those, he's taking odd jobs like painting or baby sitting.

"He's really a typical undergraduate—not brilliant in any sense but up to our standards. He and Johnson will be successful guys in their communities."

BAXTER'S quarters were far more cheerful than Johnson's, although no less dusty. "We used to have cleaning women," he said, "but they've stopped that now and we only have a student cleaner once a week. You can't tell them what to clean, naturally!"

There was a green rag rug on the floor, French travel posters on one wall, the reproduction of a good abstraction on another. Ranged along shelves and mantel were empty liquor bottles, also for purposes of decoration. In one corner stood a parking meter with the red VIOLATION flag up.

"Who decorated the room?" I asked, knowing that he lived with two white boys. (He shares a small bedroom with one of them.)

"I did," he said, with some pride, "but we're getting new stuff soon. We're tired of looking at those old chairs."

Baxter seemed freer of his background, more integrated externally. This may have been because of his natural gregariousness and optimism; he was a good mixer, while Johnson

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kept himself apart more, nursing his resources and his strength.

Yet Baxter was well aware of his present good fortune and his future problems. Like Johnson, he said that before he came to Harvard he didn't believe this kind of life existed. It was a new world, a wonderful one.

No, things weren't the same when he went back home now. He and his noncollege friends didn't have so many interests in common. They had grown apart a little, but that was natural.

Any problems from being a Negro at Harvard?

"I really can't think of any. Funny thing," said Baxter, smiling, "the first day I got here, a white boy from Texas and I came up together from South Station. He was a little surprised then, but we're good friends now."

And he spoke of his roommate from Indiana. "I think this is the first time he's ever felt this way before—that there's no real difference."

'They're Good for Us'

I walked up Dunster Street and back to my hotel in the cold and clearing air, thinking of how little I knew of Baxter and Johnson and their real thoughts. For I had seen them in a very special world, the hiatus of campus life. The air they had never breathed before they came they might not breathe again in their lifetime. This I think they knew; neither had any illusions about the future challenge. What they may not have permitted themselves to accept, however, was the size of the gap they and so many others were trying to close: the gap of centuries of difference. Instead they had adopted the "right" attitudes of a liberal society because it was the best shield for a long passage of arms. Ultimately it would not be a shield but a part of their being as free and intelligent Americans.

Before I left Cambridge I saw Monro again briefly. "You know," he said, "I wish we had a lot more Johnsons and Baxters. We want Negro students because they're good for us. The more Negro kids in segregated schools that the National Scholarship Service can find and help us place here, the better off we'll be as a great liberal institution—quite aside from what it does for them."

A DEBATE (CONTINUED)

The Future of Liberalism—II

'The Problems Overlap'

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

DEBATE on the future of liberalism is of first importance. Every major advance in the American structure for the past seventy-five years has come directly from measures based on liberal thinking, consummated by the victory of a political party pledged to put them into law and institutions. This has been true from development of the Interstate Commerce Commission (1887) to current public housing; from the first antitrust laws (1890) to current Federal Reserve operations; from the Pan American Union (1890) to NATO, the Organization of American States, and the United Nations. When Arthur Schlesinger and Max Ascoli square away to define the next phase of liberal action, they are likely to be making future history.

Liberalism stems from a fixed philosophical premise, commonly miscalled a "point of view." Liberals consistently insist that realizing human values must be both the first concern of politics and the final test of its products. (Free human minds and hearts, after all, are the only instruments we know able to pursue the timelesss search for cosmic order and beauty.) Therefore, liberals now, as always, must observe conditions, ascertain and communicate facts, and, analyzing them, draw the issues between those forces which at any time deny or obstruct realization of human values and those which foster and develop them. Having stated the issues, liberals propose solutions.

The Schlesinger-Ascoli debate implicitly accepts the philosophical premise. Their difference lies in the second rank: Where are the main issues today? Schlesinger finds them chiefly in America, and in the economic field. American prosperity is immense but leaves out certain groups; this must be rectified. In certain respects, our faulty services constrict freedom: So we need better education, medical care, opportunities for minorities, better mass media, a lifting of the quality of American civilization. "Big business" produces well, but is still dangerous. Affairs are increasingly carried on by great

I have read with great interest the pair of articles on liberalism by Arthur Schlesinger and Max Ascoli in your recent issue. This debate will, I hope, be the start of a searching public discussion of the issues of the day.

It is time that the liberals did some hard thinking about the problems that confront the country. One does not have to be a professional liberal to recognize that some of the best ideas for solving our national problems have come from the liberal side of the political fence. Right now our biggest problem is our foreign policy—and the search for world peace, and I am deeply concerned at the way things are going in that field. Our other problems include the farm depression which is a lot more serious than our Eastern liberals seem to understand, and our deficiencies in health, education, roads and welfare. Other basic problems—and here I agree with both debaters—lie in the realm of equal opportunity, and the exercise of our civil liberties and civil rights.

On all these questions I would like to see our best liberal minds set to work, not for idle speculation or mere theorizing, but to produce some concrete, practical recommendations.

—HARRY S. TRUMAN

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private groups and measures are increasingly the result of interest politics; somehow we must, Schlesinger thinks, develop an all-American spiritual conception and corresponding social policy.

Ascoli, agreeing with much of that, offers a broader base. He sees the American system as the production, in great measure, of international conditions. It has become an aggregate of holders of concentrated power—big corporations, big labor unions, big organization, big masses of urban population. This adds up to "private government," aggregating far greater power than formal Federal and state governments. These "private governments," from corporation manager to political boss or trade-union executive, operate without defined responsibilities, and increasingly there is no visible group to whom they are accountable.

THESE aggregates of power may very well be necessary, but they can deprive men of freedom as certainly as can government; we risk sliding into a benevolent feudalism. Ascoli also thinks Schlesinger's formula of specific American reforms and search for a new American spirit before we lay out our international course charts the road to a new "Fortress America."

In Ascoli's book, the liberal campaign of 1956 must therefore apply the philosophical premise, on which both agree, to the whole world. It would recognize that even the "quantitative" liberalism Schlesinger considers we have obtained is illusory unless we make headway with it in world affairs also. If human values are to be preserved, what is good for America must also be good for the world.

This is not the time to offer a program. I am not clear whether Arthur Schlesinger meant that liberals should adjourn discussion of world problems until they have given qualitative direction and impetus to American free society. I am clear that neither liberals nor America will enjoy any such luxury. The United States now in its intellectual, scientific, and economic life, in its social thought, its defense, or its business, is not working in a vacuum. The pounding drive of issues like those of race determination (Arabs and Negroes in Africa, Asians in Asia), of economics (America already lives only in and as part of a supranational economic complex), of national defense (Khrushchev claims he will shortly have a guided missile

capable of landing anywhere on earth), will not permit us to work exclusively in our own American framework. Forces of every kind will be interacting between America and other nations.

The 1956 liberal assignment will consequently be, first, to show the necessity and, second, work out the technique of developing concepts and techniques for providing an essential common base for all countries if any country in the free world (and very probably the Communist world as well) is to survive. This means finding some means of permitting race structures to emerge without cutting the world into sterile, impotent, tiny nationalisms. It means finding a sane institutional base for interdependent but international economics. If these and like tasks are not accomplished, the liberal's work in America will be made impossible, as the unrecognized outside structure on which America actually lives falls to pieces.

Nationally and internationally, liberals have the endless job of dealing with new forms of power, private as well as governmental. They must establish defined responsibility and accountability to reasonably representative organizations of public opinion. Properly speaking, "qualitative" liberalism is a head under this item. Liberals will at once recognize the needs. The task is placing responsibility and assuring that it shall be fulfilled, and imposing accountability. As debate proceeds, we will find that the two great groups of problems overlap and interlock in many fields.

SOLUTIONS proposed for present action must, of course, be framed within the limit of what is presently politically possible in America.

But it is always the additional task of liberals to lay out facts, analyze situations, state conditions, and propose ideas that will bring today's impossible into tomorrow's field of political feasibility.

'Big Business Is in the Saddle'

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

I WAS SURPRISED by the virulence of the criticism by the distinguished editor of *The Reporter* of my friend and colleague, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Schlesinger's liberalism apparently emphasizes the need of a government which is not dominated by big business. This does not suggest that Schlesinger is hostile to big business. Certainly the government should make effective use of great talent wherever found, but no one group should be allowed to control government. In the long run this is bad for business and capitalism. Nor does Schlesinger's brand of liberalism suggest that he is unaware of the crucial problems of Communism, the cold war, etc. In fact, he was one of the first (in a famous article in *Life* shortly after the war) to call attention to the state of the Communist conspiracy. Time and again he has been eloquent on such issues as adequate defense, foreign aid, the failure of the Eisenhower Administration in foreign policy, etc. Because his article dealt largely with these domestic issues does not mean he is blind to the greater importance of foreign issues.

APPARENTLY Mr. Ascoli is fearful of excessive power residing in big government, in big trade unions, and, we hope, in big business as well. At some points one gets the

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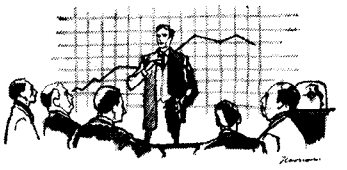
impression that Mr. Ascoli has embraced Hayekianism. At any rate his brand of liberalism seems to be the nineteenth-century brand, certainly not the one appropriate to the year 1956, when the demands of the military and the complexities of our economy demand a large degree of government intervention.

Should big government become the threat, then Schlesinger will call his shots accordingly—as he does vis-à-vis the U.S.S.R. But it happens that big business is in the saddle now; with the major government appointments in its control, with defense contracts predominantly going to it, with the capital market almost exclusively at its disposal, and with tax and spending policies largely in its control. To urge a change in spending patterns and for a wider distribution of power is not to be hostile to business, but rather in the long run to support the profit motive and the democracy which alone can sustain a capitalist society. Putting $11 million in the 1957 budget for loans to small business will not solve this problem.

GOVERNMENT is indeed big, as the editor of *The Reporter* claims. But note the great war and security outlays (and who says Schlesinger is blind to the relation of $90 billion of government spending and prosperity?) which account for most of our debt and our Federal outlays. Government "drains" on the economy have risen only from fourteen per cent in 1933 to twenty per cent



in 1955. Remove security outlays and there is a percentage decline from fourteen to nine per cent. Or look at it in another way. In 1929, 1933, and 1955, the people of this country had 130, 95, and 265 billion dollars left after payments of taxes—in stable dollars. The private economy is almost twice as large as it was in 1929 and almost three times as large as it was in 1933. On a per capita basis there is a real gain of sixty per cent since 1929.

THE NEW DEAL and the Fair Deal have achieved much. Is it asking too much to demand that, of $50 billion of added gross national product since 1952 and with taxes reduced by seven to eight billion dollars, say, that one to three billion dollars additional be spent on education, housing, health, assistance, etc.? Would this not redress the spending balance? That is all that Schlesinger asks. This is part of our liberalism, though neither the editor nor Schlesinger nor the writer would say that this is all there is to liberalism.

'Liberal' Government Is Not Enough

LEON H. KEYSERLING

BOTH Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Max Ascoli are to be commended for their stimulating debate on the future of liberalism. With much of what they both say I could voice agreement, but it may be more helpful if I stress points of disagreement.

Schlesinger's attempted differentiation between the "old liberalism" of the early New Deal and the "new liberalism" which he now espouses seems to me unsatisfactory. Effective liberalism, in a free society, does not change its basic characteristics every decade or two. It is enduringly concerned with enlarging the opportunities of the individual, on a more equitable basis, to enjoy material goods and to benefit by cultural and spiritual stimuli. It seeks to accelerate these opportunities at the fastest pace made feasible by the full utilization and development of natural resources and industrial arts. The pace should not be so fast, however, that it depends upon the "forced drive" of too much centralized direction—whether private or public—thus sacrificing individual flexibility and discretion. Conservatives also accept this general formulation; in fact, they frequently call themselves liberals. But they are more prone to be satisfied with the status quo, and to argue that progress without risk is more likely to come through the automatic unfolding of established forces rather than through conscious and concerted efforts to intensify the pace or modify the direction. Liberals are more humanistic in their urge to change some things more, at least so long as a very large part of the people do not enjoy the levels of opportunity that technology and knowledge should open up to them.

If this definition has any value, it seems to me that Schlesinger, while he boldly declares his emancipation from the "old liberalism" of the early New Deal, is in reality excessively wedded to the situation pertaining in that era. He says that the New Dealer of 1936 could not envisage the "abundance" of 1956, but he seems not to project the problems or the potentials arising from the fact that the next twenty years may well witness a much greater change in the levels of "abundance" than the past twenty. Moreover, he undervalues the point that "abundance" is a relative matter. Even during the early New Deal, the "poor" people in America had a higher standard of living than more than half of the world has today; and today I might say that measured against our current productive resources and economic know-how—measured in the relative terms which alone have meaning—the number of American families who can properly be called "poor" is higher than two decades ago. And by this fair gauge, the number still living in slums, the number of old people still suffering want, the number of children still being inadequately educated, the number of preventable diseases still not being prevented, the number of workers still not able to benefit by collective bargaining, the number of young and ambitious people still unable to start a small enterprise with reasonable chance of success, may be quite as glaring as in the early 1930's.

Schlesinger may say that he agrees with all of this, but that today there is less "discontent" than in the Great Depression years, and consequently less "practicality" in these "liberal" issues today. Yet he seems ambiva-

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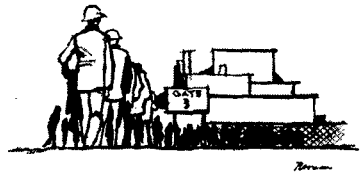
lent, because he also argues—and I agree—that a great and free people can be stirred by aspirations for a still better future, not just jarred by discontent with the misery which hit so many in the depression years. In any event, it seems to me that he blurs the issue further by differentiating between "qualitative" and "quantitative" liberalism. For the removal of the school shortage involves bold and clear action programs, stemming from those who



are willing to define the number of schools we need, to program the number of dollars and other resources required to build them, and to enter the economic and political battles required to achieve the resource reallocations upon which the building of these schools must depend.

The liberal who really cares enough about moving people out of slums must advance a housing program of given size and character, tell us where the resources are coming from to build the new houses, advocate specific revenue and expenditure programs toward this end, and throw down the gage to certain interests who would be (or erroneously think they would be) dislocated by a rehousing program on an adequate scale. And a solution for the farm problem cannot be found just by calling Secretary Benson names; it requires specific programs, with "quantitative" budgets for farm production, farm-product consumption, readjustments in the farm population, and the redirection of a larger share of the national income to farmers. These problems are just as "quantitative" as the programs of the early 1930's.

THIS is not a mere matter of semantics, because in one sense every problem is both "qualitative" and "quantitative." The real problem for liberals today is to avoid wanting to have their cake and eat it too, by being the "qualitative" friend of the poorly housed, the poorly schooled, the poor farmer, and those suffering from inadequate medical care, etc., without running the risks or carrying the burdens of specific or "quantitative" programs. Everybody is for God, Home, and Mother, and "qualitative" liberalism impresses me the same way.

Possibly, some of the "new liberalism" advocates cannot quite make up their minds whether their responsibility is to formulate liberal programs or to tie up a pleasing package which comports with their own political strategy for the 1956 Presidential election. They may believe that it is good politics to talk in "qualitative" terms about liberal objectives, but that the increasing number of "middle-income moderates" in the country makes it politically impractical to get down to the brass tacks of programs which may lead to embarrassing questions about taxes and budgets. I am not particularly impressed with this political strategy. Instead, I wonder how any liberal candidate is going to make much of a dent upon President Eisenhower by being "qualitatively" for all of the fine things that President Eisenhower and all other good Americans are also "qualitatively" for. Maybe the "frustration" of some liberals arises from the fact that the conservatives have caught up with most of the specific measures of the early New Deal, while these liberals have not really advanced enough.

BUT POLITICAL STRATEGY is not my main point. The growing interest of the intellectual liberals in political strategy, not always accompanied by political acuteness, has drawn them progressively away from their main potential contribution. Their prime task, I believe, is not to provide ratiocination which may encourage liberal political candidates to underplay the real issues, but rather to formulate and promote genuine ("quantitative") liberal programs upon which the liberal political candidates may judiciously draw. The basic function of the intellectual liberals is to fertilize the stream of thinking, not to ring doorbells or to take opinion polls.

As one who saw the early evolution of the New Deal from within, I am rather confirmed in this viewpoint. The liberal achievements of the early New Deal, which Schlesinger extols, were not merely the by-product of a favorable political climate, a particular framework of national income, or the number of people unemployed. To be sure, the crisis of the great depression made it easier and apparently less risky for political leaders to act vigorously. But if Newton D. Baker or even Alfred E. Smith had become President in 1933, the scope of action would undoubtedly have been quite different. The great and enduring programs of the New Deal were forged and "quantified" by courageous liberals, far ahead of "public opinion," who were working for public power and employment stabilization and social security long before the depression started.

WHAT WE NEED most today is not a "new liberalism" to replace the "old liberalism." We need rather to draw a sharper distinction, as I am sure Schlesinger would want to do, between dedicated liberalism and wobbly liberalism, courageous liberalism and equivocating liberalism, effective liberalism and its pale imitation. For this kind of leadership I believe the American people are always ready; and if they are not, it is the duty of liberals to awaken their latent conscience.

Schlesinger also says, in effect, that liberals should be wary of thinking or acting on the international front until they have made America at home a more shining example for the world to follow. To be sure, one of the good arguments for desegregation is that the rest of the world will have a better opinion of us, though I think that a still better argument is that Negroes are entitled to all the rights of American citizens. But any thought that the United States, with

about six per cent of the population of the world and more than fifty per cent of the industrial wealth, with food "surpluses" while others are starving, and with a relatively high enjoyment of the more precious freedoms, could achieve additional se-

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curity or self-respect by laboring only at home, thus increasing still further the immense gap between the house of plenty in America and the house of want throughout the world, is to me a frightening proposition. The greatest single task of liberals in the United States, I believe, is to advance specific and "quantitative" proposals directed toward the common economic and political problems of the free world.

MAX ASCOLI's article, it seems to me, states some important and unsolved problems quite effectively. I agree with his at least implied proposition that American business has made great and laudable strides forward in its economic and social thinking and practices since a generation ago; and I feel that Schlesinger's allowance to business of no more than a further probationary period is not in accord with the facts, though of course I do agree with him that the current Administration is so heavily overloaded with businessmen that it is neither representative nor democratic. I also agree with Ascoli that Schlesinger's dichotomy between individuals and government is far too limited a view, and that one of our most vital economic and social problems for now and for the future is the behavior pattern of the vast, powerful and highly organized nonpublic groups such as corporations and labor unions.

I do not agree with Ascoli's strong overtones of objection to substantially enlarged government spending (though not enlarged in ratio to an expanding national product), for I see no other way to allocate our total resources in a manner which gives a high enough priority to resource development, slum clearance, education and health, housing, the liquidation of poverty, and various aspects of strengthening the free world. On these matters I agree heartily with Schlesinger, subject to my rejection of his distinction between "qualitative" and "quantitative" liberalism.

Ascoli raises still another problem, perhaps the most important. Even assuming that big business, big labor, and big government achieve economic stability and growth, economic justice, and harmony too, what of the average individual? Will he rule or be ruled, talk or listen, initiate or merely respond? In short, how will he continue to be free? This may well be the great liberal issue of the second half of the twentieth century, but the devices for dealing with it have hardly commenced to be explored even by those who recognize that when all men are well fed they will still deserve to be free.

Some people seem to feel that this problem of individual freedom and self-expression can be held to safe proportions if only the preponderant bigness resides in the government, and if it is a "liberal" government. But even "liberal" governments can start sliding with monolithic force toward abandonment of some individual rights and safeguards which are at the core of a liberal society. It was the "liberal" governments of Roosevelt and Truman which initiated and expanded a set of "security" practices which in no small degree subordinated our true security needs to sharp inroads upon some basic liberties. It seems to me that Schlesinger claims too much for a "liberal" government, and that liberals can better strengthen their cause by facing with humility problems which even they thus far have been unable to solve.

Why Exclude Republicans?

JACOB K. JAVITS

THE TWO ARTICLES on "The Future of Liberalism" represent one of the most distinguished contributions to statecraft and domestic political enlightenment I have seen in a long while.

It is interesting to me that Professor Schlesinger apparently identifies liberalism solely with the Democratic Party and then only with the New Deal and Fair Deal elements of that party, drawing the mantle of liberalism around these elements as if it were their private property from which all others were excluded. This is certainly not in the American spirit, nor will it stand the test of examination, nor is it good for liberalism to make it so exclusive. Highly questionable alliances with corrupt big-city political machines and with racism in the South certainly are big gaping flaws in the alleged title to this mantle. In fact, the record shows extraordinary advances in the liberal tradition among liberal Republicans, with landmarks in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, Theodore Roosevelt's campaign against business oligarchy, Elihu Root's enlightened trade policies, Charles Evans Hughes' juridical progress, and Eisenhower's modernization of Republicanism. It includes, also, the struggles of those like Senator Norris and Fiorello LaGuardia who got their start as Republicans and could not have gotten it otherwise and became extraordinarily brilliant and independent exponents of liberalism. In short, to make liberalism a political tool or catchword is to debase and not to ennoble it as a word or as a concept.

I am also impressed with the clear issue Dr. Ascoli takes with Professor Schlesinger as between big government and business with all its implications. It seems hard for Professor Schlesinger to accept the fact that an equally vital element of constitutional government in protecting the freedom of the individual is that most people get their jobs and their living from business, not government. I perceive both at home and abroad a new dimension in the introduction of public participation in business which represents the modern trend of what will keep our society free. In business, of course, I include not only managers and investors but workers, farmers, and consumers. I feel that in this analysis Dr. Ascoli has truly touched on the wave of the future. It is and has been my constant effort to encourage public participation in the private economy through the co-operation of government, to give it the full impact of the democratic process.

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In Support of Schlesinger

THOMAS K. FINLETTER

I DO NOT BELIEVE that the four propositions Mr. Ascoli lists at the beginning of his article correctly state Mr. Schlesinger's conception of liberalism or indeed anybody's conception of liberalism. I do not know exactly what a liberal is, but if we mean someone who believes in the Bill of Rights, civil rights, government for the benefit of all the people, and the rule of law, as I do and I believe Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., does, then these four paragraphs of Mr. Ascoli's are not a statement but a caricature of the liberal position.

My second point is this. Mr. Ascoli charges that Mr. Schlesinger is a believer in Fortress America and a Herbert Hoover isolationist. This will not bother anyone who knows Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and knows what a staunch internationalist he is. However, for the benefit of those who do not know him, I deny the charge.

If one looks at the article in *The Reporter* on which Mr. Ascoli bases his charge one will see that Mr. Schlesinger has said the opposite of what Mr. Ascoli charges him. The statements in Mr. Schlesinger's article that seem to bother Mr. Ascoli are that foreign policy and domestic policy cannot be separated into isolated compartments; that a nation cannot be stronger abroad than it is at home; and that if the United States is to carry out properly the large measure of world responsibility it now bears, its institutions of freedom, its domestic economy, and its political ideals must be kept at a high level. Or, as Mr. Schlesinger says much better than I, a "truly creative and progressive American foreign policy can only come from a truly creative and progressive America. In a free state, foreign policy can rarely be more effective than the character of the nation that stands behind it . . . We cannot convincingly champion freedom before the world so long as we kick freedom around at home. We cannot convincingly champion equality abroad so long as we practice segregation at home. We cannot convincingly champion opportunity abroad when too many of our own people linger at home in cultural mediocrity and economic want. As we renew a fighting faith against the inequities of our own society, we will generate an enthusiasm that will reverberate across the world . . . Nothing would go farther to restore world

confidence in American leadership than a display of progressive conviction in our own society."

I am sure that Mr. Schlesinger wants a "truly creative and progressive America" for its own sake. He wants freedom because freedom is good of itself. He wants to do away with segregation because he thinks segregation should be done away with. He is opposed to cultural mediocrity and economic want because he does not like them. Nevertheless, he wants these things too because of his concern with American foreign policy. As he says, "In the immediate future, of course, the issues of peace and war far overshadow problems of justice and polity at home."

For these reasons I cannot understand why Mr. Ascoli says that "Schlesinger is not only skeptical about the role of international affairs in our nation's life now; he makes his skepticism retroactive." Nor do I think Mr. Ascoli is right in tying Mr. Schlesinger into the following statement: "The justifications for the drive back to Fortress America are many, according to the nature of the various groups, but the drive is unquestionably on. Herbert Hoover can now afford to keep quiet, as he has found a large number of new disciples. It may be somewhat disheartening to find that liberals too are moving gingerly toward Fortress America, but by no means surprising. Intervention in both World Wars--and particularly in the First--was bitterly opposed by large groups of our liberals, and their forebodings have been at least partly vindicated by what happened to them in the aftermath of both wars."

This misinterpretation of Mr. Schlesinger's well-known interest in foreign affairs is all the more surprising since Mr. Ascoli seems to agree with his major thesis. For in his article Mr. Ascoli says: "The conclusion, at least for liberals, should be that they must enter upon their task of reversing the trend and making freedom operational both at home and abroad--for there is no line of demarcation between home and abroad."

'We Need a Liberal Administration'

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

DR. ASCOLI'S article raises two issues which deserve comment. One is a spurious issue, and the other is a serious issue.

The spurious issue is Dr. Ascoli's suggestion that I have become a Herbert Hoover isolationist. It was this especially, Dr. Ascoli writes, which moved him "to pick a quarrel with Schlesinger." In view of my explicit statement that "In the immediate future . . . the issues of peace and war far overshadow problems of justice and polity at home," I can only conclude that Dr. Ascoli was really reaching high on this one. My point was obviously not, as Dr. Ascoli suggests, that "before getting messed up in other people's business, we ought to put our own house in order." My point was what I had thought to be the shamefully platitudinous one that we need a liberal Administration in Washington if we are to have the creative foreign policy required by the times. For example, men who have never displayed concern for the plain people of the United States are

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not likely to come up with a policy capable of enlisting the peasants and workers of Asia and Africa. For example, men who fear reform at home are conceivably not the ideal people to meet the challenge of revolution abroad. Is this such an obscure thought? Or does Dr. Ascoli

seriously contend that it makes no difference to our policy abroad whether we have a conservative or liberal Administration in Washington?

I retain a suspicion that Dr. Ascoli does not at bottom regard me as a Herbert Hoover isolationist, which makes his public assertions all the more puzzling. I cannot imagine what possible contribution he thinks he is making to responsible discussion in the liberal community when he twists an obvious point in order to misrepresent a known internationalist as an isolationist.

THE SERIOUS ISSUE raised by Dr. Ascoli has to do with the attitude which liberals should take toward what he calls "the Business System." It is not always easy to understand what Dr. Ascoli is trying to say; but it seems evident that he regards me as far too critical of business. I take it that he is particularly exercised over my daring to put "the Business System on probation." It is too bad that Dr. Ascoli is not more clear in explaining his own position. Does he mean that "the Business System" is so infallible that anyone who puts it on probation is a dangerous radical? Or, if Dr. Ascoli is less than one hundred per cent confident of business wisdom, where do we differ? Aren't his fingers crossed too?

But a deeper point is involved here. The tradition of American liberalism has been the organized attempt to secure freedom by balancing power within society under law. For most of our history, power has gravitated toward the business community. If liberalism is not concerned, among other things, with restraining the power of business, then what is it about? Dr. Ascoli seems perplexed over the assumption that it is possible to like the capitalistic system without wishing to turn the government over to the capitalists—that it is possible, in his words, to regard "the Business System" as "both irredeemable and indestructible." I can only express my astonishment at Dr. Ascoli's failure to grasp so ancient and elementary an American thought. I was only repeating the traditional American view that a democratic capitalist system works best when the capitalists do not own government as well as business. "We must protect these merchants," said George Bancroft over a century ago, "but not be governed by them." If Dr. Ascoli challenges the belief that business power should be restrained in the general interest, he is challenging the whole tradition of American liberalism.

Dr. Ascoli is wrong when he implies that I regard big government or big labor or the growth of an American Establishment with complacency. I share his concern about the rise of a private feudalism in our

society. But I happened to be writing a short piece about liberalism and public policy, not a long book about liberalism and social institutions. Public policy does not exhaust the responsibility of liberalism, but it surely presents an obvious field of action. The self-evident fact that government cannot do everything does not mean that it cannot do something.

In my judgment, Dr. Ascoli is particularly irrelevant if he implies that it is more important for liberalism to concentrate today on delimiting the power of government and of labor than on delimiting the power of business. For example, in almost the accents of Senator Bricker, he makes a virtuous display of his abhorrence for government spending. Let us pause a moment at this one. Does Dr. Ascoli seriously think we can do what must be done in such fields as education, medical care, urban renewal, resources development, housing, etc., without increased public outlays? If he agrees that increased public outlays will be necessary for these purposes, then his attack on government spending is inconsistent and cheap. Similarly he appears to summon liberals to an assault on the labor movement. Obviously no liberal can subscribe to a theory of labor infallibility any more than to one of business infallibility. But does Dr. Ascoli really believe that on issues of national concern—take, for example, foreign affairs and defense policy—Charles E. Wilson, George Humphrey, and Sinclair Weeks are better than Walter Reuther and David Dubinsky? that the N.A.M. will take positions closer to the public interest than the AFL-CIO? It seems to me that Dr. Ascoli owes the readers of *The Reporter* a more intelligible explanation of where he stands on government, business, and labor.

I do not have space to note the many distortions Dr. Ascoli has contrived not only of my views but of the general position and philosophy of American liberalism. I am willing to rest my case with any readers who have the fortitude to plow through both sides of this so-called debate. Actually very little in Dr. Ascoli's "reply" bears upon what I was trying to write about. It would be interesting some time to have his comment on my central point—the point that the nation, for all its economic plenty, is far from a state of spiritual content, and that the challenge facing liberalism is to meet the current situation of stagnation and anxiety by developing a new radicalism of ideals and purpose. Dr. Ascoli and *The Reporter* have contributed much in recent years to the reappraisal of the tasks of liberalism in these complicated times. I am sorry that, instead of pursuing this reappraisal in a responsible way, Dr. Ascoli yielded to the impulse "to pick a quarrel with Schlesinger." For my part, I refuse to accept Max Ascoli's quarrel.

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The New Federalism

MAX ASCOLI

THE TIME had come, I thought, when a thorough discussion of American liberalism—its philosophy and its politics—was imperative. The first round of discussion, which is here concluded, proves that I was partly right and partly wrong. It has been encouraging to realize how widely and urgently felt is the need of re-examining American liberalism. It has been heartening to see how aware of this need Harry Truman is —a man with a unique knowledge of politicians, of eggheads, and of those who fall between the two stools.

I was wrong, however, in the choice of the occasion for this debate. Schlesinger's answer—both in its tone and its content—proves that I should not have picked a quarrel with him. A few comments on his answer, however, are in order.

For him, business, labor, and government are, each one in itself, massive, monolithic entities. One has to take a stand on them, wholesale, with little or no room left for analysis or distinctions. I am asked to make a peremptory choice: Am I for Walter Reuther or for Secretary Wilson? I could answer by asking him quite a number of questions: Does he prefer James Hoffa to Paul Hoffman, the foreign policy of George Meany to that of Clarence Randall? I could go on with this kind of quiz game for quite a long while, but what for?

There are too many sad, desiccated absolutes limping around in our midst, each one bearing the name

of some powerful and very real things, like business, or government, or labor, and each one asking unqualified, uncritical allegiance. You are supposed to give or to deny this allegiance in terms of yes or no, black or white. If you suggest, for instance, that the power of labor, like any other power, be watched with an attentive, discriminating eye, then you are accused of summoning people to an assault on the labor movement. Yet it seems to me obvious that labor and those among its leaders who happen to be men of national stature, like Walter Reuther, need friends, not camp followers.

It is hard for me to understand how Leon Keyserling, whose contribution to this debate I greatly value, can attribute to me overtones of hostility to government spending. The point I thought I had made was that taxing and taxing, spending and spending are not a cure-all for the social ills of our times—not to speak of our spiritual malaise. Just as we cannot fight external wars with privately financed armies, so we cannot, without a high degree of government spending, relieve the plight of the less privileged among our citizens. But we owe it to these citizens that their chance for individual growth and free choices shall not be mortgaged away to the huge bureaucracies on which they come more and more to depend.

Again, in my innocence, I was baffled to find that Herbert Hoover's name, twenty-four years after his resounding electoral defeat, is still a cuss word for certain people. Just because I said that any attempt to put domestic affairs before foreign affairs might ultimately lead to something similar to a Fortress America position, just because I mentioned Hoover's name and this Hooverian idea in connection with Schlesinger, Thomas Finletter and Seymour Harris rush in to produce affidavits of internationalism in Schlesinger's behalf. I wonder if I would have done better if, instead of Hoover, I had mentioned some other isolationist—Governor Herman Talmadge, for instance.

Actually, that Senator-to-be, in a recent "Meet the Press" telecast, proclaimed that he, too, is internationally minded. Obviously, internationalism has now become one of those fuzzy notions to which nearly everybody in public life pays dutiful tribute. Incidentally, this is one of the reasons why I have great respect for the outspoken, consistent—and thoroughly wrong—nationalism of Herbert Hoover. I respect him for many other reasons, not least among them what he did to feed famine-ravaged nations, an achievement that has earned him—Schlesingerites, get ready for a guffaw—the name of great humanitarian.

BUT ENOUGH. The air has become unbearably stuffy in certain liberal quarters. It is high time to open the windows and, if need be, to break a few. What is at stake here is something much more than the promiscuous use of a very meaningful word like "liberalism" or of what seems to have now become its synonym, "internationalism." What is at stake is our capacity as a nation to use the only language that allows

us to communicate with the rest of the world and to exert an influence upon it.

If our country does not stand for freedom, if it does not fully articulate both the philosophy and the politics of freedom, our country has not got much to stand for. Nothing can destroy this fact, not even the sanctimonious petulance of a hundred John Foster Dulleses sermonizing us every hour on the hour on the blessings of liberty. Liberalism—conservative or radical, Republican or Democratic—cannot become the private domain of Administration or opposition speech-writers.

Internationalism has become much more than a matter of foreign assistance to be marked directly or indirectly with the dollar sign. It is a matter of building institutions across the boundaries of nations—permanent institutions, for the ties that bind us to other nations and other nations to us are getting closer and tighter every day and must be subjected to responsible regulation.

The institution building must go on in an era in which conservatism is prevailing—and by no means in our country alone. It must proceed in order to assure a more solid

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foundation and more precise limits to those values most men want to conserve, from national independence to individual freedom. The interrelation, the harmonization of all these freedoms, the articulation of a truly world-wide liberalism—all this can be initiated only by our country, for only our country has the strength to exert a measure of control over

its own destiny. Only America's liberty can sprout its own *ism*: an interpretation of history developed both at the philosophical and at the pragmatic-political level to accelerate its own verification.

No wonder American liberalism is still somewhat awkward when it has to address itself to the outside world and its problems. Actually, it has been a sort of ingrown progressivism: a generous faith in the inalienable right of self-improvement both of the individual and of society once certain obstacles are removed. For a long time these obstacles came mainly from the business system. To this progressivism, never very strong in its philosophy and never very much in need of one, the people of this country are greatly indebted.

In Europe, political liberalism came into existence less than a century and a half ago—thanks to Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill, and Lord Acton—as a defense of the individual against the leveling authority of government, and even more of majority rule and opinion. This liberalism did not find particularly favorable ground in America, since to a very large extent it was devised by European thinkers as a means for preventing what they feared would be the Americanization of their own countries.

But now the deadly enemy of freedom everywhere is not authority, no matter whether of money or of government or of a majority. Now the enemy is a remorselessly organized, man-made necessity leading to an allegedly inescapable Communist order under which all men and all nations are supposed to fall, whether they know it or not, whether they want it or not. Like people running up an ascending escalator, the Communists everywhere elbow their way to get on top, but they have no doubt that the machine of history is carrying everybody up.

In some countries still free from Communism, the subversive pressure of this world-wide conspiracy is exerted both from the inside and from the outside with varying means that go from threat to blandishment. Under Khrushchev, this latter means prevails, though Khrushchev himself has been candid enough to state that all men are ultimately destined to bow to this necessity of which he himself is at present the chief engineer.

In our own as well as in the most advanced democratic countries something else is going on that can by no stretch of the imagination be called Moscow-inspired: the coagulation and the emergence of new nuclei of power that do not lend themselves to the traditional forms of responsible, democratic controls—baronial powers that never tire of asking for more and more of the individual's fealty. The multiplicity of the little Caesars has resulted in the frightening shrinkage of that half of life which, according to Christ, belongs to God, while in the Communist countries, where only one Caesar rules, the realm of God is not encroached upon, but outlawed.

The greater the feudal anarchy in the democratic nations, the more Communism gains. Sometimes men can become so distraught as to prefer a purposeful slavery to an aimless freedom.

This is why it is imperative to define both the philosophical structure and the operational or political principles of American liberalism. The set of conditions under which this liberalism has to work is entirely unprecedented and has not much in common with the conditions that prevailed at the time when American progressivism did its job.

This American liberalism must be world-wide in its appeal or it is foredoomed. It must have its point of reference and its measuring rod in the individual, but the individual cannot any longer be considered only in relation to the power of government and left at the mercy of all the private governments that serve him and make demands on him. For there are too many of these governments around that must be looked into, without love and without hatred, so as to define the range of legitimacy each one of them has, and the extent to which the individual can participate in running them. All this means constant measurement and constant checks, for freedom, far from being a state of bliss, is a dynamic equilibrium between the individual and his societies.

There is glorious work ahead for American liberals. The old European liberalism was always defensive and pessimistic, always foreseeing the worst for the individual—not without reason—and always inclined to be overcentered on the individual. The old American progressivism, on the contrary, used to be buoyant and overoptimistic; it saw practically no other demon than the business system, and could never quite make up its mind which came first, the individual or society.

The major trouble now with this home-made American type of liberalism is that it offers little inspiration to the rest of the world, and not much of a solution to the world's most acute problems, aside from occasional dispensations of American gratuities and a generous do-goodism at large. It would be unfair, however, to consider this progressive liberalism entirely obsolete. At the level of state government, from Albany to Carson City, it has still much useful work to do, for there the patterns of politics have not changed much, and neither has the greed of vested interests.

At the national and international level, the function of American liberals is to lead the way toward a new federalism—a network of interlocking, interdependent commonwealths. For this task our country is uniquely qualified: The federal system the Founding Fathers devised is still the greatest contribution to statecraft modern times have seen.

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Freemasonry In the Fourth Republic

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE WITNESS was none other than Justice Minister François Mitterand. The case was the seemingly endless trial on defense leaks. Mitterand was describing his frustration when, as Minister of the Interior in the Mendès-France government of 1954, he had tried to discover how reports on secret meetings of the National Defense Committee—the French equivalent of the U.S. National Security Council—were leaking to the Communist Party.

"Every time I thought I was making some progress," the handsome young Minister told a packed and hushed courtroom in the Palais de Justice, "an invisible hand seemed to wipe out the tracks that might have led me to the culprit."

"What color hand?" asked Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancourt, the sardonic master strategist of the resurgent extreme Right in France, who throughout the trial seemed more interested in indicting the Fourth Republic than in winning an acquittal for his client, André Baranès, a police stool pigeon and Communist double or triple agent. "Was it a red hand or a black hand?" There was a long pause. The spectators waited expectantly to hear the question answered.

M. Mitterand merely folded his arms and looked up with an inscrutable expression. Though the lawyer's question might have been cryptic to the uninitiated, it was an unmistakable allusion to the curious role played in the case by the secretive and highly political French form of Freemasonry—the lodges of the Grand Orient branch or sect which the folklore of the French Right pictures as a sinister Camorra whose machinations are responsible for most of France's troubles from the Revolution of 1789 onward.

Observe, though, that Tixier-Vignancourt did not press home his point by trying to prove that the defense-leaks case was another Masonic plot, though the weird revelations that have punctuated it—the official files vanishing and mysteriously showing up again, the timely warnings to suspects of impending arrest by rival police forces, the untraceable high-level orders to drop or resume the investigation—seemed

to offer almost unlimited grist to the innuendo mills of the Right.

THREE of the defendants sitting in the prisoners' box along with the beady-eyed Baranès—who seemed to be gloating over his own role as the origin of all the commotion—were known to be Grand Orient Freemasons as well as active Leftists. They were René Turpin, a fellow-traveling minor official on the staff of the National Defense Committee; his colleague Roger Labrusse, who is accused of having turned top-secret committee data over to Baranès for transmission to the Communist Party; and Jean Mons, former secretary-general of the Defense Committee. Mons was only indicted for carelessness in leaving his minutes of Defense Committee meetings where Turpin could get at them. Both Mons and Labrusse held high Masonic dignities. To make things all the more perfect for Tixier-Vignancourt, even his enemy, former Premier Pierre Mendès-France—who since the origin of the case has been the main target of a systematic rightist smear campaign—has some Masonic background or connections.

Unfortunately for Tixier-Vignancourt—and for everyone else who likes his history wrapped up in tidy packages—the Masonic element was fully as prominent on the Right side of the case as on the Left. Had the muckraking lawyer-Deputy, a former Vichy Cabinet Minister, elaborated on the theme of a Masonic scandal, he would have caused considerable embarrassment to some of his own friends, starting with his parliamentary colleague and kindred fellow traveler of Poujadism, former Chief Commissioner Jean Dides. Dides was also a Grand Orient Mason. As head of the anti-Communist squad at the Paris Prefecture of Police, he had paid Baranès a lush salary and Baranès used this money to sneak defense secrets from Mons' office and turn them over to Dides doctored up as Communist spy reports. The prominent anti-Communist Deputy Jean-Paul David was also a Mason. He had supported the Dides-Baranès "network" after Baranès was fired from the municipal payroll and thereby helped spread the impression among France's allies that the nation's Premier or at least his Minister of the Interior was betraying defense secrets to the Communists. Also a Mason—along with several minor figures—was former Prefect of Police Jean Baylot, friend and employer of Dides, the leading figure in the French anti-Communist camp and the bitter political enemy of Mendès-France and Mitterand. Baylot is not only a Mason; he was the leader of the anti-Communist faction in the French lodges and had been deputy Grand Master of the Grand Orient until the faction with which Mons and Labrusse were

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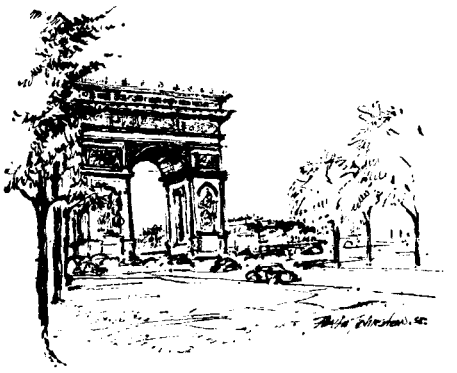
identified squeezed him out. Thus, depending on how you looked at it, the case could appear a conspiracy of leftist Masons to help the Communists or a conspiracy of rightist Masons to organize a McCarthy-type smear campaign against Mendès-France, Mitterand, and French liberalism.

Some Strange Alignments

This faculty for figuring prominently on both sides of the barricade has characterized the role of French Freemasonry in most of the political conflicts or upheavals of the last two centuries. Sometimes it gives the misleading impression that as an active force in the nation's public affairs Masonry cancels itself out. In a strictly political sense this may be true. Yet as the defense-leaks case demonstrates, Freemasonry is still today, as it was before the war, a vital if somewhat ambivalent factor in French life. On the one hand the semi-conspiratorial atmosphere that lingers on from the nineteenth century in the Grand Orient lodges fosters the tangled politico-bureaucratic intrigues that the trial has brought to light—to the delight of enemies of the republican régime like Tixier-Vignancourt. On the other hand, French Freemasonry appears to institutionalize the bureaucratic and parliamentary instinct against pushing political intrigues to the point where they risk tearing the régime apart; it cushions power conflicts, particularly within the state bureaucracy, sometimes by applying soothing ointments to the wounds inflicted by rival group ambitions, sometimes by so crisscrossing the major ideological fissures in French society with minor ones that no coherent battle lines can be formed.

In the defense-leaks trial, for instance, the right-wing extremists' hope of building up a French Hiss case that could then be used as the foundation for launching a French variant of the twenty-years-of-treason cry was partly frustrated not only by the lack of any really damaging evidence against the central figure, Jean Mons, but also by the somewhat disconcerting pattern of association prevailing between Mons and his lodge brothers of varying political hues. True, he refused to attach any importance to the fact that his sub-



ordinate Labrusse was a member of the national committee of a *progressiste* group openly affiliated with the Communist Party. But at the same time he was on such fraternal terms with Baylot that at the height of the investigation into the leaks, when a vacancy occurred on his staff and Baylot recommended his nephew, a respectable and well-qualified young man, Mons gave him the job without a moment's hesitation.

To rigorous logicians like Mendès-France and Mitterand this seemed such a flagrant example of political miscegenation that for a time they suspected Mons, despite his liberal-Socialist leanings and connections, of being involved with Baylot in a right-wing conspiracy against them. (Mendès-France admitted at the trial he had also had suspicions of his friend Mitterand at one time.) Possibly a similar inability to understand the peculiar Masonic approach to politics had something to do with the charge dramatically hurled at Mons from the witness box by Roger Wybot, chief of the French counter-espionage service, of being an outright Soviet agent. Wybot's old rival, Baylot, though he had apparently disapproved of Mons' position on the Communist question in intra-Masonic politics, pointedly refused to substantiate this astounding charge against one of France's highest civil servants; later, a whole procession of more or less conservative army officers, diplomats, and statesmen headed by Marshal Alphonse Juin and former Premier Georges Bidault, testified under oath that they had unshaken confidence in Mons' loyalty and produced a good deal of concrete evidence to show that their confidence was justified.

The followers of Mendès-France tended rather to accept the grave though largely unsupported charge brought by Wybot. It was a little as if General MacArthur and Senator McCarthy had appeared at the trial of Alger Hiss as witnesses for the defense, with the A.D.A. and the FBI lining up together on the side of the prosecution. A number of non-Masonic political personalities and interests helped produce this strange case of political inversion during the trial, but there is good reason to believe that the principle of Masonic solidarity, operating in favor of a high-ranking Mason who was widely felt to have been too harshly punished already for a trivial bureaucratic fumble, was mainly responsible for the phenomenon. This is the sort of thing that makes the role of Freemasonry in French public life a fascinating but arduous field of study.

The Three Branches

The very structure of French Freemasonry fosters confusion. The two main Masonic *obédiences*—the Grand Lodge and the Grand Orient—each include hundreds of local lodges, loosely held together by a national governing council, democratically elected. The Grand Lodge, which is the closest to Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry, is largely recruited from upper-middle-class Protestants, theoretically eschews politics, and in principle insists that its members recognize the existence of a Deity or Supreme Architect of the Universe. It is estimated today to have between 7,000 and 10,000 members. The Grand Orient—the largest *obédience*, with from 15,000 to 18,000 members—is predominantly atheistic, violently anti-clerical, passionately concerned with politics—at least in its higher echelons—and generally oriented to the left of Center. To a considerable degree the Grand Orient sets the tone for all French Freemasonry. This being France, however, many Grand Orient lodges —not to mention individual members—deviate from the general pattern, being either apolitical or politically conservative and inclining toward deism. Conversely, some local lodges of the Grand Lodge are nearly atheistic, are involved in politics up to their necks, and are liberal in outlook. To complicate the picture still further, there is a third *obédience* that plays a minor role

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in French life, the mixed Order of Human Rights, a fringe-group of Masonry which is the only one to admit women as full lodge members. It counts between 5,000 and 6,000 members in France.

In spite of constant doctrinal and political disputes among these three Masonic branches there is a good deal of consultation and interpenetration among their higher grades—the so-called red, white, and black lodges. This is probably the main reason why intra-Masonic feuds, though chronic and bitter, are never pushed beyond a certain point. It also explains how French Masons at certain moments can forget their differences and unite behind some public cause—for example, defense of the *école laïque,* the secular public schools in which successive generations of little Frenchmen from Calais to the Congo have learned all about Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Descartes, Napoleon, Pasteur, their ancestors the blue-eyed Gauls, and the importance of having friends with influence.

AT THE ZENITH of French Masonry—around 1910, when it was really a mighty political force—it had about 50,000 members as against some 30,000 today. After the First World War its strength and prestige steadily declined in spite of—or in part because of—the prominent role played by the Grand Orient in the formation of the Popular Front of 1936. Under the Vichy régime all Masonic lodges were dissolved and their property confiscated, while individual Masons were systematically and savagely hunted down by the Nazis.

"We lost five-sixths of our members between 1939 and the Liberation," a Masonic spokesman who is the *Vénérable* (Master) of a Grand Orient lodge in Paris told me. "Today we are back to between seventy and eighty per cent of our prewar strength and our membership rolls are still growing. What is particularly encouraging is the high percentage of young men who want to join our lodges."

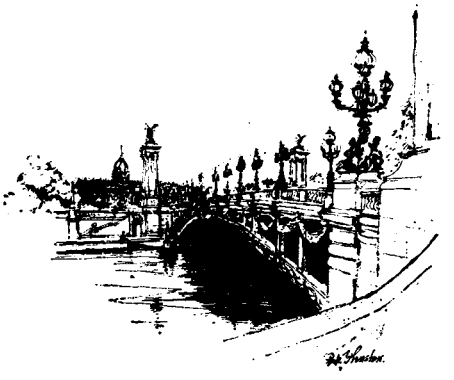
The *Vénérable* himself was a hearty-looking lawyer in early middle age with the sort of pink and placidly confident face that you would expect to encounter at a Rotary Club luncheon in the American Midwest rather than in the central lair of what its enemies consider a kind of democratic dragon society. Our interview took place at the Grand Orient national headquarters, 16 Rue Cadet, a drab building in the wholesale garment district of Paris. My attempt to pin down the *Vénérable* on the actual numerical strength of French Masonry today brought about a rather significant exchange. "I'm sorry," he explained with a polite smile, "but I'm not allowed to give out any actual figures. You have probably heard a lot of talk about Masonic secrets. That is all nonsense. On the other hand, all of us are pledged not to discuss publicly anything that might hurt the interests of our brothers or of the Order as a whole. For example, it is my own business if I want to let the world know I am a Freemason, but I musn't reveal the names of my Masonic brothers without their permission. This may seem childish, but I assure you that in France it is a serious matter. Many persons would lose their jobs if it became known that they belonged to our Order. Our enemies are still very powerful, and all too many of our brothers have fallen victims in one way or another of anti-Masonic prejudices."

"But what harm would it do to reveal the total number of your members, without mentioning their names?" I asked.

"Well," he replied after a slight hesitation, "I'm not sure it would do any positive harm, but one of the strengths of Freemasonry is our enemies' ignorance of our real strength."

Regions and Parties

In some areas of national life Masonry plays a much less important role than it did fifty or even twenty years ago. In others it has maintained or even increased its influence. It has declined in the anti-clerical and leftward-oriented south and southwest where it used to be strongest; at the same time it has come up as a vigorous minority movement standing guard over the traditional French liberal values in the regions where political Catholicism is entrenched—e.g., Brittany.



Among professional politicians of the center and center-left parties, membership in a Masonic lodge is no longer considered the indispensable passport to a parliamentary career. This is particularly noticeable in the Radical Socialist Party, once the political spearhead of the Grand Orient. For example, before the war former Premier Pierre Mendès-France is reported to have been an active member of a Grand Orient lodge; when the order was reconstituted after the liberation he did not bother to renew his membership; after becoming Premier he manifested his impatience with outmoded Masonic anti-clericalism and the aura of nineteenth-century liberal fundamentalism that still clings to the French lodges.

Yet the traditional links between Radical Socialism and Masonry have not been severed. This was demonstrated at the Radical Socialist convention in Marseilles in October, 1954, when Henri Caillavet, at that time an Under Secretary of State in the Mendès-France government, startled the convention hall by convoking via loudspeaker a secret meeting of delegates belonging to the three Masonic *obédiences*—presumably to whip up support for ex-brother Mendès. Furthermore, much of the ground that Masonry has lost with the Radical Socialists has recently been made up in the Socialist Party, whose secretary-general, Premier Guy Mollet, is an active Mason. So is his party colleague Finance Minister Paul Ramadier. Through the Grand Lodge of France there has even been some Masonic infiltration into the Catholic-dominated M.R.P.

Some Problems of Rank

The great present-day stronghold of French Masonry, however, is in the state administration, particularly in the Ministry of Education and in

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the nationalized industries or agencies like Air France, the national radio system, and the national holding company that administers the buildings and physical equipment of the confiscated Vichy press. The lodges, particularly those of the Grand Orient, are well represented among the French staff of the various international organizations. One of the permanent French staff members of UNESCO is a Grand Orient dignitary of such exalted grade that a few years ago when the Mexican diplomat Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, a low-ranking Mason in his own country, was appointed director-general of the organization, an international Masonic conference reportedly had to be called to clarify their relationship.

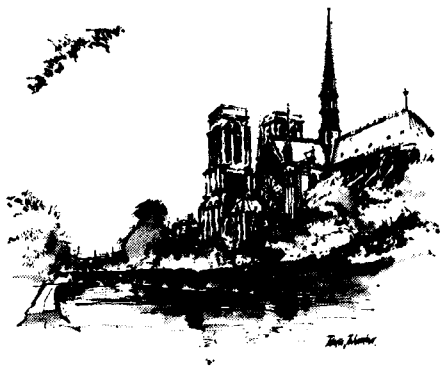
In France, especially since the war, it is common for Cabinet Ministers and high officials to be outranked in their lodges by office subordinates. The top Masonic leaders seem to be recruited mainly from the upper-middle echelons of the civil service and are seldom known to the general public. For example, the head of the Grand Orient, Francis Viaud, is chief of the Weights and Measures Division of the Ministry of Commerce.

Infiltration

The two great rival police organizations in France, the Paris Prefecture of Police and the Sûreté Nationale, are traditional strongholds of Freemasonry and likewise are traditionally opposite to each other in their ideological sympathies, the Prefecture usually leaning to the right and the Sûreté to the left. The prolongation of this policy rivalry—in which the defense-leaks case has a number of its roots—inside the Masonic lodges has been further complicated in recent years by the struggle over the Communist issue.

This struggle began around 1950 when Baylot and other leaders of the Grand Orient became concerned about the large number of Communists who were applying for membership in their lodges.

Before the war the French Communist Party had forbidden its members to join any Masonic lodge. After the Liberation this policy was relaxed and hundreds—if not thousands—of card-carrying Communists



applied for admission in the Grand Orient. Quite a few were at first accepted on the theory that the ideals of Freemasonry would eventually get the upper hand over those of Stalinism. Then Baylot and his faction launched a vigorous counter-attack of propaganda, maneuver, and disciplinary action inside the lodges. The distribution of a special Masonic newsletter, *Les Lettres M*, published by a Socialist journalist who was a minor figure in the defense-leaks case, was part of this anti-Communist offensive. Baylot was fairly successful in his immediate objective. The Communist mass infiltration of the Grand Orient was checked. But then the Communists hit back by stimulating the development of a strong anti-Baylot faction that was not composed solely of Communists and fellow travelers. Labrusse and Mons were prominent leaders of this faction, which largely centered around a dissident Radical Socialist group called the Club des Jacobins, headed by a fanatical young Mendésiste Deputy named Charles Hernu.

"A few of us went around the lodges making speeches against Baylot," a young Mason connected with the Club des Jacobins told a friend of mine. "Now, as you know, he is no longer the deputy Grand Master. Draw your own conclusions."

The 1877 Schism

The struggle within the Grand Orient between the anti-Communist and the neutralist—or at least anti-anti-Communist—factions is only one facet of a wider and deeper conflict in world Freemasonry involving metaphysics, political ideologies, and national rivalries. In a sense this wider Masonic conflict goes back to 1877, when the French Grand Orient opened an international schism with its statement repudiating the Supreme Architect as an article of faith. Since the purport of the statement was merely agnostic and did not deny individual Masons the right to continue believing in a Supreme Architect, the schism might not have developed if the Grand Orient, with characteristic French logic, had not insisted in applying it to questions of ritual. Up to that time the Grand Orient lodges, in accordance with strict Masonic tradition had always kept the Bible on the desk of the *Vénérable*, along with the sword that, at least in the French lodges, symbolized the equal aristocracy of all Masons regardless of their social origins.

From 1877 onward the Bible became optional as a ritual accouterment in the Grand Orient lodges and most of them promptly dropped it. Anglo-Saxon Masons who could tolerate freethinkers but not iconoclasts were deeply scandalized. One by one most of the national lodges in the world took sides in the controversy. The Scandinavian, German, and individual American Grand Lodges sided with their British brothers. The Latin-American, central European, Balkan, Iberian, Italian, Middle Eastern, Belgian, and Swiss lodges tended to support the Grand Orient, at least to the extent of maintaining diplomatic relations. The Grand Lodge of France, though in many ways closer to the Grand Lodge of Britain than to the Grand Orient, reluctantly remained in the orbit of the latter.

In the eyes of the French lodges, their British brothers had, by making a fetish of the Bible, turned their backs on the speculative Freemasonry of the eighteenth-century deists and libertarians who had founded the modern order, and were on their way to developing a new dogmatic religion. To Anglo-Saxon Masons it seemed that the Grand Orient had fallen into that "stupid atheism" which these founders had warned against. At times members of the Grand Orient almost seemed to go out of their way to substantiate this impression.

In spite of the official anti-clericalism and agnosticism of the Grand Orient and the political preoccupations of its leadership, a majority of the *obédience's* membership is pri-

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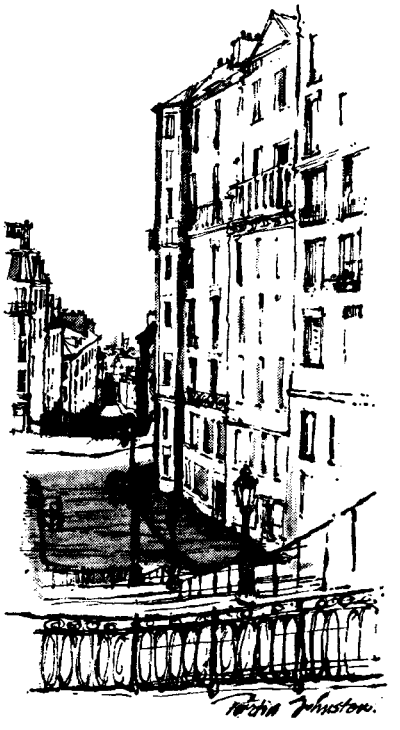
marily interested in philosophical or metaphysical problems; some Grand Orient lodges are even said to dabble in occultism. One unrepentantly anti-materialist lodge has never given up the Bible; it happens to be the Paris lodge of which Baylot is *Vénérable.*

British Interference

Here is where the theological schism in world Masonry and the struggle of the Grand Orient against Communist infiltration become inextricably involved. Because the Baylot faction represented the Grand Orient's theological right wing as well as its political one, it had the disastrous idea of enlisting—or at least accepting—the help of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry in the ideological crusade against Communism. The Grand Lodge, haunted by a tweedy nostalgia for British recognition, enthusiastically joined in.

At this point the skeins of international intrigue become so entwined that it is very hard to determine who did what. According to a fellow-traveling press spokesman of the anti-Baylot Club des Jacobins clique, the whole business was a plot hatched in the United States. The main evidence offered in support of this allegation is that the Grand Master of the reconstituted German lodges, which are said to receive some financial help from the United States, once came to Paris to plead with Grand Orient leaders to restore the Bible. (Needless to say, this gesture did not help the cause.) The intervention of the British lodges, in a curious postwar burgeoning of muscular Freemasonry, is apparently somewhat more firmly established. It is also clear that a close alliance between the Grand Orient and Latin-American Freemasonry was concluded, though experts are divided as to whether this was a consequence or a cause of the British intervention in French Masonic politics. In the confusion the Swiss, who had been reluctant prisoners of the Grand Orient, seem to have broken loose.

From the French domestic viewpoint, the practical upshot of all this was that the Grand Orient lodges felt that tremendous internal and external pressures were being brought to bear on them. Even many French Masons who welcomed the idea of a *rapprochement* with Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry and were seriously worried by the Communist threat balked at the idea of having to restore the Bible in their lodges. Apparently, in the minds of the Anglo-Saxon Masons—or at least of their French allies—the Bible was an indispensable condition. The whole affair was almost an object lesson in how not to mobilize spiritual forces against Communism. Like other Frenchmen, French Masons hate to be pushed around. The outcome was a foregone conclusion: the defeat



of the anti-Communist, pro-Bible faction in the Grand Orient.

Some observers here fear that in consequence the Grand Orient will become the spearhead of French neutralism and the nucleus around which a new Popular Front will arise. There are even dark hints of the Communists' restoring Freemasonry in the satellite nations and using it to further infiltrate and confuse French Masonry somewhat as the Moscow-controlled Orthodox Church is used as an ecclesiastical fifth column in the Middle East. Other observers fear that French Masonry will be torn apart by the struggle going on inside it.

Neither of these fears seems well founded. The defeat of the anti-Communist faction has not turned the Grand Orient over to Communist control. Some of its leaders who previously favored co-operation with the Communists have been shocked into a greater sense of responsibility by the discovery of out-and-out treason in their ranks. Unless the anti-Communists commit some new blunder, the present predominance of vaguely neutralist tendencies in the leadership of the Grand Orient will probably prove superficial and temporary. Nor does the commotion that has been going on inside French Masonry seem to have weakened it. On the contrary, by introducing some ideological ozone into the stagnant air of the lodges it has probably increased interest in Masonic objectives and thus contributed to the postwar revival.

Built-In Stabilizer

In any case, as the defense-leaks case demonstrated, French Freemasonry is not merely a sort of benevolent Camorra, though it sometimes seems to function like one, but remains one of the most important—perhaps the most important—of those invisible built-in stabilizers which have enabled the Republican régime in France to ride out many a storm.

Shortly after the Baranès-Labrusse spy ring was exposed in the fall of 1954, a high-ranking French Mason who was also a supporter of Mendès-France criticized the anti-Communist extremism manifested by certain Masons of Baylot's faction in a talk with a friend of the writer. He rather grudgingly added a significant qualification to his criticism.

"In all fairness I must admit that Baylot is a real Mason," he said. "As Prefect of Police, Baylot never missed a chance to have his *flics* crack the heads of Communist demonstrators, but if a Communist who was also a lodge brother had walked into Baylot's office with a legitimate request, Baylot would have done what he could for him."

This comment reflects a bureaucratic and parliamentary ethic of live and let live characteristic of highly civilized societies. Freemasonry in France institutionalizes and perpetuates this.

The fact helps explain both why France so often seems about to fall apart and why it never does.

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The Complicated Process Of Reaching a Stalemate

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

On the morning of June 3, 1955, Washington officials were gleefully reading newspaper accounts of Khrushchev's tipsy departure from Marshal Tito's banquet hall in Belgrade, the climax to a week of Soviet-Yugoslav talks then widely interpreted as a public admission of defeat by the Kremlin. The Khrushchev-Bulganin pilgrimage and the Soviet Union's belated agreement to sign the Austrian treaty had constituted the first breaks in the East-West stalemate in Europe and raised hopes of a German settlement.

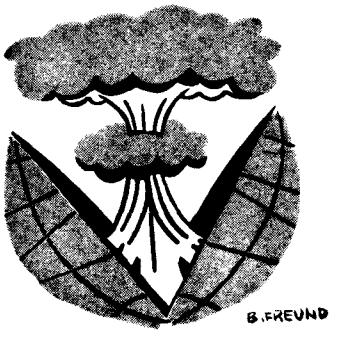
The same day's papers also told of four American fliers who had just reached Honolulu after two years in Chinese Communist prisons, the first results of the thaw in U.S.-Red Chinese relations after many months of brink-of-war tensions in Washington.

But on that same pleasant June morning, as nearly as can be determined, John Foster Dulles received the first news of an event that was to focus world attention on the Middle East and set off a third great geographic crisis for the Eisenhower Administration.

What Dulles read was a dispatch saying that Premier Nasser of Egypt had just approached Daniel Solod, the Soviet Ambassador in Cairo, on whether Moscow would sell arms to his country. Six days later, on June 9, Nasser told U.S. Ambassador Henry Byroade what he had done. Solod, Nasser later said, merely replied that he would ask Moscow. But Moscow was not long in replying.

On July 21 the editor of *Pravda*, Dmitri Shepilov, who was subsequently elevated to alternate membership on the all-powerful Presidium, arrived in Cairo ostensibly to represent his government at the Egyptian Liberation Day celebration. Publicly Shepilov proclaimed that "The sentiments of the Soviet people are wholly on the side of the Egyptian people's aspirations." Privately, he opened up to Nasser's happy gaze an almost unlimited storehouse of jet fighters and bombers, heavy tanks and submarines. Perhaps they were obsolete by Soviet standards, but to Nasser they were the answer to the demands of his young army leaders for more and better equipment with which to face the Israeli forces, now in a new mood of pugnacity since David Ben Gurion's return to the government as Defense Minister in February.

But to Nasser the clincher was the nature of the deal Shepilov was



prepared to offer—arms at once and at cut rates in exchange for Egyptian cotton over a long period of years.

In retrospect, neither Nasser nor Dulles was aware of the true meaning of the Shepilov offer. Not until many months later did the intelligence reports piece together the story of events in Moscow in early 1955.

1955: Memorable March

For two years since Stalin's death, his successors had been fighting out among themselves the lines of policy to be pursued by the new collective dictatorship. By February, 1955, they had dumped Malenkov from the Premiership, thus dealing with the "left deviationists" who wanted to rush too fast toward "Communism," i.e., toward satisfying the demands of the Russian masses. In March, apparently at one or more Presidium meetings in the first days of the month, Khrushchev and Bulganin took the conduct of foreign affairs largely out of Molotov's hands, thus dealing with the "right deviationists" who wanted to stick to Stalinism, hang onto Austria, keep Tito an outcast, and avoid any *rapprochement* with the West.

It now appears pretty certain that in those March sessions the Presidium agreed on a whole series of foreign-policy courses: the Austrian evacuation; the Tito *rapprochement;* a new disarmament move (which came on May 10); greater traditional use of diplomacy to penetrate areas of rising nationalism and anti-westernism; tactics designed to disrupt, if possible, the western defense alliances of NATO, SEATO, and the Baghdad Pact, the last then just beginning to be formed; acceptance of neutralism in order to freeze such nations as India and Indonesia in a position where they would not be tempted to join the western camp; a direct meeting with the Americans to test at first hand the majority Soviet view that Eisenhower was reading the facts of the nuclear stalemate as Marshal Zhukov was contending he did (the July "Summit" conference in Geneva); a new effort to eliminate western influence in the Middle East.

The Middle Eastern tactics then also apparently agreed upon, it is now believed in Washington, were to encourage Arab nationalization of foreign oil concessions, thus halting further western investment in the area and forcing Arab dependence on the Soviet Union. In short, Moscow was reviving the aims so succinctly stated by Molotov in a 1940 secret message to the Nazis: "The focal point of the aspirations of the Soviet Union is south of Batum and Baku and in the general direction of the Persian Gulf."

Many of the subsequent Anglo-American differences of opinion centered on the different emphasis of national interest. The United States's chief concern has centered on the Arab-Israeli conflict because of the major American role and domestic interest in Israel, including the political potency of the Jewish voter in New York State. Britain's vital interest, as the Eden government sees it, lies in the Persian Gulf area, for without its oil and dollar

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revenue Britain cannot survive as a major power.

Dulles had conceived the Northern Tier defense pact shortly after he came to office in 1953 and made a swing through the Middle East. He was thinking primarily in terms of a Turkish-Iranian-Afghan-Pakistani defense pact to contain Russia against the very aspirations Molotov had stated.

But on February 24, 1955, the Turks signed a defense pact with Iraq, thus splitting the Arab League and infuriating Nasser by striking at his leadership of the Arab world. Iraq's strong man, Premier Nuri es Saïd, had decided to sign what was to become the Baghdad Pact, chiefly because by so doing he could induce the British to cancel the 1930 Anglo-Iraqi treaty and lower the British flag from bases in Iraq which had become the target of Nuri's noisy ultranationalist political opponents at home. Britain did indeed agree to immediate termination of the old treaty the day Iraq signed with Turkey.

Before September

The months between Nasser's first talk with Solod in early June and his formal announcement on September 27, 1955, of the Czech-Egyptian arms deal were jammed with play and counterplay by Nasser, Dulles, and the Soviets.

Nasser has told several western journalists that after receiving the Shepilov offer he turned to the United States and Britain, told them what he had done, and said that "unless they sold us arms, they would force us to ask Russia's help." Nasser's conclusion was that the West thought he was bluffing.

Whether or not Dulles thought Nasser was bluffing, he treated the prospect of Soviet arms for Egypt with less seriousness than it deserved. It is true that after Nasser's request to Washington the United States offered Egypt some arms. But, as Dulles himself later testified before a Senate committee, "We gave them prices and they found that they could get arms from the Soviet bloc more cheaply and on the basis of a barter for cotton. . . . We quoted them a cash price" but "Our prices were too high."

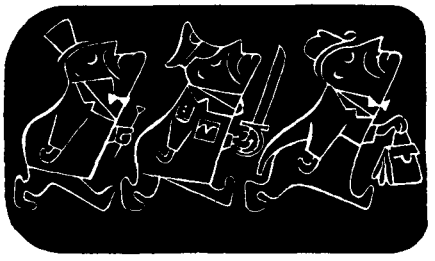
This reporter's conclusion is that Dulles was hoping that somehow the Communist arms deal would not go through. He knew that selling arms to Egypt would raise a storm both in Israel and the United States and start a Middle Eastern arms race.

What Dulles did do, a month before the Czech arms deal became public knowledge but after rumors of it had begun to circulate in Cairo and after American intelligence reports had rated the rumors quite highly, was to offer a Middle Eastern peace formula. In a New York speech he announced that President Eisenhower was prepared to ask Congress for an American loan both to compensate the Arab refugees and to start the Jordan River water-development plan and to offer treaty guarantees of Arab-Israeli boundaries if the two sides could reach prior agreement. He hinted, so the Israelis thought, at the necessity of some Israeli concessions on boundary lines.

The Summit in July

What Dulles did not do was ask Eisenhower to raise the Communist arms deal with Bulganin and Khrushchev at the "Summit" conference, nor did he raise it himself. Dulles later testified that just before the July 18-23 Geneva meeting his information was that "The Egyptians had dropped the thought of getting arms from the Soviet bloc" and "There was no information at all at that time to indicate that the movement of arms was in prospect."

The facts, as far as they are now known, belie these statements. But even granting them, it seems that



the President, who must at the least have been informed of the arms-deal talk, missed a supreme opportunity to forestall it. It is not certain, of course, that even if he had put it to the Soviets in strong terms they would have given him a "no-sale" pledge. But the Russians' objective at Geneva encompassed their whole gamut of aims in foreign relations, and it is not unreasonable to assume that if they had been strongly pressed on this one issue by the President before it became public knowledge, they might well have agreed to hold off any arms shipments in setting up the "spirit of Geneva" on which they have been trading profitably ever since.

That this step was considered by Dulles and his advisers now seems well authenticated. The fact that it was not taken must be laid at Dulles's door and ascribed to his great influence on Mr. Eisenhower.

A WEEK after the "Summit" conference, the Israeli elections showed popular discontent with a policy of restraint toward the Arabs by designating Ben Gurion for the Prime Ministry. Nasser has quoted in defense of his arms deal the words of various Zionist extremists and expansionists. Probably more important, however, were Ben Gurion's public statements that there could be no real peace until Egypt and other Arab nations had popular democratic governments, and his clear policy of retaliatory military action put into force by the Gaza Strip raid on February 28—just a week after he had become Defense Minister. Ben Gurion's policies played into the hands of the Cairo hotheads, whatever one may think of Nasser's own intentions, which to this day remain something of an enigma to Washington.

September and October

The President suffered his heart attack in Denver only four days before Nasser announced the Czech arms deal. Dulles must have felt as though the roof had fallen in on him. He panicked to the extent of rushing Assistant Secretary of State George Allen on a fruitless trip to Cairo and nearby capitals, thus magnifying Nasser's already massively inflated importance as the Arab leader who had told the West where to get off.

At the same time—in late September—Dulles and his British and French counterparts brought up the subject of the arms deal with a dead-pan Molotov in New York. Molotov would say only that he

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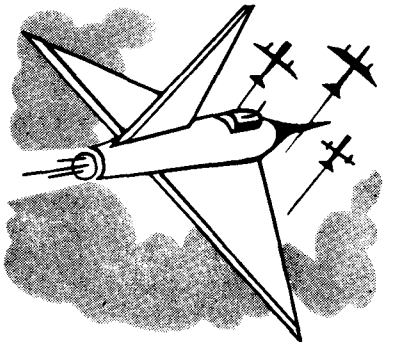
would report their views to Moscow. Dulles was then preparing for the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference in October, and the arms deal now appeared to be a clear sign that "Summit" conference hopes of some agreement on European problems were in vain. Dulles flew to Denver, where, after seeing the President at Fitzsimons Army Hospital for twenty-five minutes, he said that they had worked out a reply to the latest Bulganin letter on disarmament. Privately, he also had gotten the Eisenhower signature on a letter to Bulganin asking about the arms deal with Egypt. Bulganin's reply, as the President told the press some months later, was that it was "only commercial" in nature.

The British, meanwhile, were increasingly alarmed. Just before sending Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan to Geneva, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden announced that British-led Arab forces had driven the Saudi Arabians out of the disputed and supposedly oil-rich Buraimi Oasis. Eden's suspicion was that the Saudis were fronting for Aramco, the American oil concern, in an effort to cut the Iraq Petroleum Co. (owned by the British, Dutch, French, and Americans) out of a potential bonanza.

At the Foreign Ministers' Conference in late October and early November, both Dulles and Macmillan —and apparently also Molotov— were offended by Israel's former Prime Minister Moshe Sharett, who stole headlines with his pleas to the West for arms to counter the Czech deal. Dulles ended by promising "sympathetic consideration" for an Israeli shopping list shortly to be submitted. Molotov gave Sharett a long run-around, and when he did see him gave him no satisfaction. Nor could the western Ministers budge Molotov on the arms deal any more than on German reunification. The conference ended in failure on all agenda points and on the Middle East crisis as well.

Nonsense in November

On November 10 Eden in a speech called for border compromises between the U.N. 1947 partition of Palestine, on which unrealistic basis the Arabs had staked a formal stand by now, and the armistice lines of 1948. The Israelis read this as sheer appeasement, and they were certain of it when word spread of informal western talk of slicing off the Negev Desert for Egypt as the price of



peace. Ben Gurion was installed as Prime Minister on November 3. On December 11 the Israelis launched a major retaliatory raid on Syrian positions along the Sea of Galilee, much to the embarrassment of Foreign Minister Sharett, who was then in the United States pressing the Administration to sell arms to Israel.

But Eden went even further in what turned out to be a major blunder. After formally signing up in the Baghdad Pact establishment on November 22, he sent the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Gerald Templer, to the British fiefdom of Jordan to add it to the pact without saying so publicly. The State Department claims its attitude then was, in effect, "Fine, if you can get away with it, but don't expect us to back you if the mission fails."

The Templer mission did worse than fail. It set off a major explosion compounded of anti-western rioting, the fall of two Jordanian governments in quick succession, and finally the abrupt dismissal by Jordan's frightened young King Hussein of Lieutenant General John Bagot Glubb, the British commander of the British-financed and essentially British-controlled Arab Legion, up to the time of the Czech arms deal the only effective Arab fighting force.

But between Templer's failure and Glubb's dismissal on March 2, two other momentous events occurred. Templer's efforts to nail down Jordan for the British and the West brought Saudi Arabia closer to Egypt and Syria and also brought forth from the Saudi coffers large amounts of Aramco's royalties for anti-British bribery and troublemaking in Jordan and elsewhere. Eden felt that the United States should be able to control this flow of subversive funds through control of Aramco, just as Britain controls the actions of its own oil concerns abroad.

Meeting in January

Eden set out for Washington and a meeting with the President with fire in his eye. He was much more concerned over the rampant Arab nationalism and the portents of disaster for British influence and British oil in the Persian Gulf area than by the Soviet Union's diplomatic leapfrog over the Baghdad Pact containment line, the thing that by now was so greatly exercising Dulles and the President.

On the ship on the way over, however, a curious meeting took place. As Joseph C. Harsch first reported in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Eden discovered that also aboard was a high Aramco representative just back from Saudi Arabia. He was Ralph G. Follis, board chairman of Standard Oil of California, one of the four U.S. firms that compose Aramco. By the time Eden reached New York he had heard from Follis that the American company had no interest in the Buraimi area and that the United States was not trying to do the British out of anything. In fact, Eden was told, Aramco agreed with the British that Middle East stability was as vital for American private oil interests as it was for the British. The fire in Eden's eye had subsided considerably by the time Eisenhower greeted him on the front steps of the White House on January 30 of this year.

Eden pressed his view on Eisenhower that Britain was prepared to fight, alone if necessary but with America at its side if at all possible, to retain its oil in the Persian Gulf and its position in Jordan. He made clear that holding Cyprus was necessary in order to base such operations if they became necessary. He sought the strongest possible American commitment to back Britain.

THE OUTCOME of the Eden-Eisenhower talks was, in effect, to apply the Dulles deterrence thesis to the Middle East. Publicly it was

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stated that the two governments backed the idea of adding to the United Nations truce personnel on the Israeli-Arab frontiers and that the two nations would consult at once with the French on what steps would be taken to implement the 1950 Tripartite Declaration if military action should be necessary to keep the peace. The United States and Britain decided against going to the U.N. at this time because they did not want to give the Soviet Union formal recognition as a power in the Middle East.

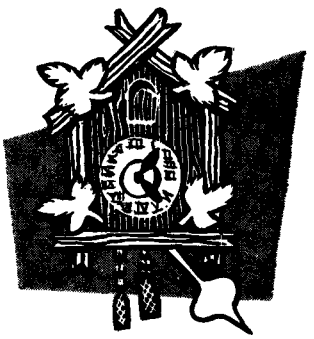
Privately, the view of the U.S. government went further to back up the Dulles deterrence thesis. Newsmen were told that if action under the Tripartite Declaration was necessary it might include military moves, naval blockades, and economic and financial sanctions against either the Arabs or the Jews. Further, they were told that while Congress would be asked to vote Presidential power to use the armed forces if there was time enough, it might turn out that only consultations with Congressional leaders would be possible. It was explained that the Soviet veto in the U.N. probably would be used if Egypt, for example, were the aggressor. Hence action outside the U.N. would have to be taken.

Dulles had fallen back on the same brink-of-war policy he had employed in the Indo-China and Formosa Strait crises. He kept his eye squarely on Moscow. As to British alarm over the Arabs and the Persian Gulf area, the United States did its best to get the Saudis to sit down around the table once more with the British on the Buraimi Oasis dispute, avoiding a U.N. move for which King Saud had been clamoring. The Americans and the British agreed to stick with the no-arms-now-for-Israel policy.

February: The Tank Crisis

A week later World Bank President Eugene Black announced in Cairo that he had reached agreement in principle with Nasser on a loan which, along with Anglo-American funds, would get the long-projected High Dam at Aswan started. Egypt seemed to be calmer, the Dulles policy of limiting the Czech deal to a "one-shot" operation appeared to be working, and the Secretary went off on a much-needed Bahamas sailing vacation.

Unhappily, someone phoned the United Press office in New York on February 15, to say that American tanks were being loaded in Brooklyn to be shipped to Saudi Arabia. The President was golfing in Georgia, Dulles was incommunicado off Nassau, and Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., was No.



1 man in Washington. A storm of press inquiries ensued. A phone talk with White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty in Augusta unnerved Hoover. He decided, in consultation with Hagerty, to hold up the export license for the eighteen tanks. The President, after a fruitless effort to get in touch with Dulles, agreed.

Hoover told a Senate committee later that he took the responsibility for the export suspension and that he had ordered it because "charges were flying around very widely over the radio programs" that the shipments violated export regulations. Asked who had made these charges, Hoover replied that he "would have to look them up. Offhand I do not know . . ."

HOOVER'S RETREAT under what appeared to be Hagerty's pressure brought private condemnation from his State Department colleagues. Assistant Secretary Allen, who had tried to fight it off, knew that the tanks had been paid for in cash and that they were an important consideration in American efforts to renew its lease on the Dhahran airfield, strategically located less than a thousand miles from the Soviet's southern flank.

In the end, Allen and his backers prevailed; the tanks were allowed to move. The State Department wanted the Augusta White House to make the announcement but had to do so itself, adding only that the President "fully approves." The net result was to hold the United States up to public ridicule both in the Middle East and in the minds of its European Allies.

Just after Dulles had returned from his vacation to face a hostile Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Glubb was fired by Jordan, the British Foreign Secretary's car was attacked in Bahrein, an oil-rich Persian Gulf sheikdom, and Nasser held a "Little Summit" meeting with King Saud and the Syrian President. The situation was deteriorating badly, and both London and Washington knew it.

Actions of March-April

Somewhere in these weeks the President had to face up to an unhappy choice: Either allow events to drift, and face involvement in a war of uncertain outcome that might be disastrous to Republican election hopes, or go to the United Nations and thereby concede the Soviet Union a position of power, through its Security Council veto, in the Middle East. His decision was obviously to take the latter course.

In March the United States began to canvass its friends at the U.N. on how to head off a war and on March 21 it presented the proposal that resulted in sending Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold to the Middle East. At the same time the American Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean was beefed up with the addition of 1,800 Marines and new weapons, and later with four more destroyers.

While the Security Council debated, Anglo-American policies began to converge again.

Eden called in the American Ambassador, asking him to tell the President that Britain wanted stronger American support for the Baghdad Pact short of actually joining and that it wanted the strongest possible American public statement of determination to oppose aggression.

The President met with Dulles for two hours on March 28. They decided, it now appears, to stick to the no-arms-for-Israel policy but to attempt to do by indirection what they were not prepared to do di-

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rectly. They agreed in effect to give Israel what one diplomat called "a letter of recommendation and best wishes" for seeking arms from France, Canada, perhaps Sweden, and elsewhere in the West. Out of this resulted the shipments of Mystère jet fighters by France and a pending deal for other jets from Canada.

On April 4 the Security Council approved the Hammarskjold mission but the United States was forced, by Soviet backing of the Arabs, to limit it strictly to dealing with the armistice agreements and to avoid any appearance of working for a permanent peace. Five days later the President issued the statement Eden had asked for, backing the U.N. mission and expressing determination "to support and assist any nation which might be subjected to . . . aggression," a way of saying we would, within Constitutional limits, come to Israel's aid if it were attacked by Egypt and its Arab allies.

This statement was historic in that it meant putting the Anglo-French-American 1950 Declaration in cold storage. Dulles adopted the line that the British were standing too rigidly on a colonial and anti-Arab-nationalism position which could lead only to further Soviet exploitation and disaster in the end. And when the British Foreign Office publicly criticized Nasser for some anti-western press interviews, Dulles calmly declared that he felt Nasser was "actuated primarily by a desire to maintain the genuine independence of the area—the same desire that I expressed . . . . I am not disposed to feel that there is any irrevocable decision [by Egypt] to repudiate its ties with the West or to accept anything like vassalage to the Soviet Union."

DULLES doubtless had some private qualms about Nasser; certainly a good many of his subordinates had reached the conclusion that Nasser was a willing tool of Moscow if not worse, and they saw only international blackmail as the result of playing his game. But the President's decision made Dulles's public stance a necessity. On April 10, at the President's orders, Dulles met for an hour and a half with Congressional leaders of both parties, much the same way he had done in the 1954 Far East crisis.

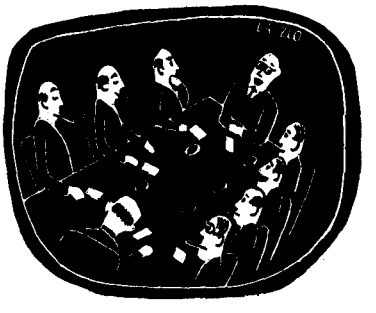
This time, however, there was no request for Congressional approval, at least explicitly, since soundings at the Capitol had indicated that any effort to vote in advance a resolution that would let the President put the United States in a Middle-East war would set off a noisy election-year hullabaloo. But Dulles was grim as he told the Senators and Congressmen that the situation was deteriorating.

This was the posture of the United States when on April 17, just before Bulganin and Khrushchev left for Britain, the Soviet Union announced formally that it was ready to work through the U.N. "toward a stable peaceful settlement of the Palestine question on a mutually acceptable basis, taking due consideration of the just national interests of the interested parties."

Future: No War by Proxy

The sigh of relief in Washington was just as audible as it had been almost exactly a year earlier when Chou En-lai had pulled the Far East fuze with his Bandung Conference statement of willingness to confer with the United States. Dulles felt that his deterrence policy had worked again, and a good many of the experts were more inclined to agree this time than in the earlier Asian crises.

The two situations, though of course not exactly parallel, contain



similar elements. Out of the Chou statement came the long series, still continuing, of U.S.-Red Chinese talks at Geneva, with the outcome now more or less in suspense until after the November Presidential election. Out of the Moscow statement of April 17 Washington now expects a long series of U.N. debates and arguments with the outcome equally uncertain. At the moment Washington is waiting to see how much backing Moscow is going to give to the Arab position that peace is possible only if Israel is compressed into the 1947 U.N. boundaries, something the Israelis clearly will not accept.

There is a measure of optimism both in Washington and in Israel. Both parties feel that the Arab extremists who would drive the Israelis into the sea have found they have no blank check on Moscow. The Israelis for the first time think they will get at least enough jet fighters to deter Nasser from using his two hundred or so Migs and his forty or so IL-28 bombers. Dulles believes that both the United States and the Soviet Union have agreed they want to avoid a war by proxy, in which the Americans would back the Israelis and the Russians the Arabs.

There are good reasons to conclude, however, that the road ahead for the West is going to be rough. Khrushchev and Bulganin were extremely frank in telling Eden in London that they intended to keep on making trouble for the British in the Middle East as long as the Baghdad Pact remains in force. Eden was equally frank in saying that Britain would fight if forced to, American aid or no, and that the pact would continue.

Washington has received word that the Soviets' April 17 statement, repeated in substance in the London communiqué, was shown in advance to the Egyptians. There are rumors of a second Egyptian-Communist arms deal. Nasser is still holding up the possibility of Soviet help to build the High Dam. The future of Jordan is uncertain; Syria is a basket of eels where no one knows who holds power; the Saudis are unswerving in their hostility to Britain and are suspected of encouraging Yemen to make incursions against British-held Aden. Iran, although a Baghdad Pact partner of London, is reviving its claim for oil-rich Bahrein. Nothing has lessened the burgeoning anti-westernism in Arab lands, and Radio Moscow continues to pour forth venom against the western position in the Middle East while Radio Cairo often talks the language of Moscow,

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and Cairo itself is the G.H.Q. of the anti-French Algerians.

Walking the Tightrope

U.S. policy, as set by the President and Dulles, is twofold: to keep in existence the State of Israel and to maintain the flow of Middle East oil without which neither western Europe's military machine nor the British economy could continue to function. But Egypt controls the Suez Canal, and there are not enough western tankers to carry the oil around the Cape if it were closed, even if the Persian Gulf fields remained in operation.

Washington believes that the British are prisoners of their traditional colonial position. Washington seeks at once to help maintain the economic features of that colonial policy and to get out of the line of fire of Arab nationalism.

Probably a major war has been averted. Prospects of a little war are lessened to the degree that Moscow fears it might turn into a big war. But the western position in the Middle East is at best tenuous in today's world, and only now is there the beginning of the reappraisal in Washington so necessary if the transition is to be orderly and if a power vacuum that would quickly be filled by the Soviet Union is to be avoided. The future of Israel seems more secure today than at any time in the past year. But it too is likely to depend on the interplay of big-power policies.

As to Dulles's handling of the Middle East, the fact is that its problems were left relatively untouched in the first years of the Eisenhower Administration while crises in Europe and Asia demanded and received priority. Once Dulles was forced to deal with the Middle East, he concentrated on removing the threat of war, though it is arguable who stopped whom on the brink.

If the threat of war has been lessened or stalemated by tacit American-Soviet consent, there will be no truce and no stalemate on the diplomatic front. As Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently put it to a Congressional committee: "It is in the political and diplomatic fields that we have to worry."

The Time Of His Life

HARVEY WHEELER

Washington and Lee takes its Mock National Conventions very seriously. This year the convention turned out to be the most glorious and most fully organized we ever held. It came after the conclusion of the spring dances, and for many students it was something of a spree, much the same as the official conventions are for many of their elders. Large numbers of dates invited for the dances had stayed over. Most of the many floats were festooned with pretty girls from nearby colleges. Spirits were high as the parade ended and the students began to gather to assume their appointed roles as delegates on the floor of the Convention Hall.

Senator Barkley lunched with President and Mrs. Gaines just before the parade. Later he rode in the

official car at the head of the thirty-minute parade route, then took his place at a partly shaded reviewing section to watch the remainder of the parade for another thirty minutes. It was unseasonably warm in Lexington, and following the parade the Barkley party retired with the Gaineses to the president's house—just a short walk from the site of the convention—until time for the proceedings to begin.

At 4:10 p.m. Senator Barkley entered the press room for a conference with students and newspaper men. Where I had expected the genial and discursive informality that was almost a Barkley trade-mark, he was evasive and noncommital, sharp in parrying searching questions. When asked whether civil rights would be an issue at Chicago, he replied that he believed there would be a civil-rights platform on which all factions of the party could agree. When asked if this meant he did not believe there would be a strong civil-rights platform, he retorted curtly, "I didn't say that." When asked about the chances of Senator Symington as a dark horse, he replied in favorable tones that the convention looked as if it might come to a stalemate and that in such case Senator Symington would be a very eligible dark horse—and might get considerably brighter in the near future. When asked if Governor Harriman was also a dark-horse possibility, Senator Barkley stated he assuredly was, but refused, in response to further questioning, to rank the shades of darkness between Symington and Harriman.

Senator Barkley began his speech by going into the legislative history of the Democratic Party. By the time he mentioned that Cleveland had been responsible for such innovations as rural mail delivery, it was clear that the supercharged student body, anticipating the famous Barkley anecdotes, was impatient with a recital of what seemed commonplace party polemics. Sensing the students' impatience, Senator Barkley interrupted his recital to ask his audience directly: "You want me to tell you about the fundamentals, don't you?" The audience replied with a hesitant but growing "Yes!" "You don't want me to say anything I can't prove, do you?" Senator Barkley then asked, to which the student body, now completely won over, thundered a deafening and reverberating "NO!" Senator Barkley was in perfect rapport with his audience as he moved in a steady crescendo from point to point toward his climax.

Early in the speech he had re-

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ferred to himself in terms used by thousands of politicians before him. He said that before the Washington and Lee Mock Convention he had almost decided not to go to the national convention at Chicago, but having come to Washington and Lee and caught the spirit again, he was like an old fire horse at the sound of the fire bell, and when August came he would be in Chicago.

He remarked that had he not already known it before coming to Washington and Lee, he knew as soon as he saw the parade that he was not a candidate for any office this year. This was a reference to the fact that although most every conceivable favorite-son candidate had been represented on floats, none had been devoted to Senator Barkley. His rather wistful little quip brought out a long and thunderous student outcry of "No, No!" The students were trying furiously to explain to a man they had all come to love in so short a time that he *was* a candidate at Washington and Lee. Long in advance a surprise for him—known to almost everyone—had been planned so that shortly after his address, the chairman of the Alabama delegation would rise to place in nomination for the Presidency of the United States the name of Alben W. Barkley.

A student voice shouted out of a lull: "Come on, you old fire horse!" It was then that Senator Barkley remarked that he knew enough to know that fire equipment was now motorized rather than horse-drawn.

As Senator Barkley approached the end of his speech, many who were hearing him, and perhaps he himself, must have remembered that moment in 1952 in Chicago when, after his hopes for the Presidential nomination had been dashed, he was given such an ovation that tears came to his eves.

At his final moment one felt it was no longer to the students of Washington and Lee that he spoke, but rather to the Democratic Party, to the American people, and—we know now—to history.

Senator Barkley did not regain consciousness. Walking away later, someone remarked: "He was having the time of his life."

Yes, the time of his life.

California's Democratic Clubs: A Revolt in the Suburbs

BERNARD CRICK

When there was talk earlier this year that the President would not run again, the four most-mentioned Republican alternatives were all Californians: Vice-President Nixon, Governor Knight, Senator Knowland, and Chief Justice (ex-Governor) Warren. These men reflect both the new political power and prestige of the glittering Golden State, and also, in their different ways, a public-relations approach to politics which has reached its extreme in California.

California, with more than thirteen million inhabitants, is already the second most populous state, and will probably pass New York within a decade. It has for long had the greatest national rate of growth. Since 1939 its population has almost doubled. The psychology of growth is all-pervasive. By 1952 it had become first among the states in farm cash income and sixth in manufactures. California has moved to fourth place in cotton production, and a good part of the country's offshore oil is there too. Most important for California politics, its lead in the value of new construction still increases. Real-estate men, prime agitators of mobility, are the typical businessmen. Nowhere else is suburban growth greater: Los Angeles is not a city but a mass of exploding suburbs, suburbia mechanized.

From this mobility and growth springs the state's peculiar political setup. Until 1952, when it voted for Eisenhower, California had consistently voted Democratic for President since 1928. Registered Democrats since 1932 have outnumbered Republicans by between half a million and a million every year. And yet the Republicans have always had at least one U.S. Senator, recently both. The governorship and the state legislature have been overwhelmingly Republican, enabling both legislative and Congressional districts to be thoroughly gerrymandered. The only Democratic governor of this century, Culbert L. Olson (1939-1943), headed a minority administration. From Hiram W. Johnson's governorship (1911-1917) through to Earl Warren's (1943-1953) there has been a unique and successful brand of progressive and "nonpartisan" Republicanism.

Cross-filing and Brand Names

It was Hiram Johnson who first, in his struggle against the boss-ridden convention system in his own party, took advantage of the political and social mobility of Californian life by his quasi-Populist "reform" of allowing cross-filing in the primaries. Candidates of either party may and do file in the primary of the other, without—until 1954—party identification on the ballot.

Through cross-filing the rule of the bosses has given way to the rule of the publicity experts. In the constant shifting and growth of population, any party regularity, knowledge of local people and local issues, any precinct work, became all but impossible. Only the candidate's name appeared on the ballot, not the party label. Thus people voted for the name that was already known—almost always that of the incumbent. An incumbent could be sure of from fifty to sixty per cent of the vote in the primary of the *other* party. Until 1954 eighty-six per cent of all elections were won by a candidate winning both primaries, leaving as opposition only Communist-front and Prohibition parties, kept alive by "disfranchised" protest votes. Cross-filing, in other words, maintained the incumbent Republican Party in power through a time of gradually declining popular support.

The Republican Party has almost always managed to reach agreement prior to the official primaries that only one name should go forward as the candidate—the candidate of the small group wealthy enough to

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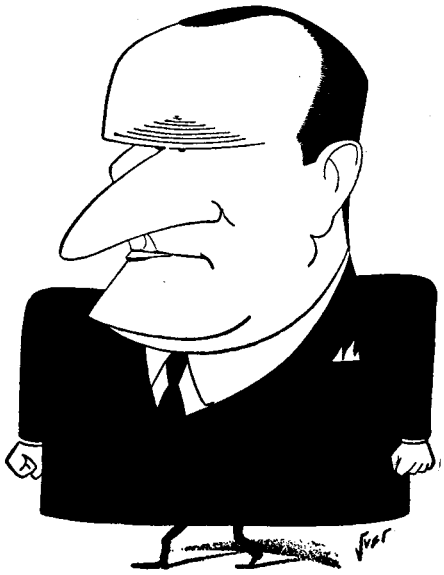
pay for mass advertising. The Republican Assembly (local Republican clubs) has not had an influential role in pre-primary endorsement. "Knitting circles" was how a Republican leader described them to me. "There is no real 'party structure,'" he said in answer to my question on that score. "It would be anarchy in California for local clubs to select candidates. The party in California? I scarcely know what it is myself. Why, it's me; it's Mr. Knowland over there in the Tribune Tower, his son the Senator, it's . . . I shouldn't give you a list, I couldn't give you an exact one. It's a small room of men, no more than that, men who, believe me, have a stake in California, know California, and have its real interests at heart."

But the Democrats, lacking success, leadership or organization, big names or money, could not prevent genuine fights in their own primary, thus splitting the vote in favor of the Republicans. They have lacked the vast finances needed to build up and glamourize names, to create a packaged personality, as was done by Murray Chotiner for Richard Nixon. There is not a single newspaper friendly to the Democrats in the Los Angeles or San Francisco areas. Radio and television are, as everywhere, desperately expensive, but are uniquely effective in the politics of a population so incredibly mobile. The absolute importance under cross-filing of getting across the "brand name" has created the great promotion firms like Whitaker & Baxter (retained by Governor Knight), who believe that they can reduce political campaigns to a cash-and-carry basis. California's extreme mobility in population and social structure has thus resulted in a politics of mass media. Issues seem almost entirely supplanted by personalities, presented, to be sure, with a dab of "natural coloring."

REPUBLICANISM in California is an almost perfect microcosm of the party nationally. There is the Progressive tradition, still strongly reminiscent of T.R. and Bull Moose, as enshrined genuinely in Earl Warren and opportunistically in "Goody" Knight—both of whom keep the allegiance of AFL leaders in a state where CIO unions are notoriously weak. There is the traditionally reactionary politics of the Knowland family and its Oakland *Tribune*. There is also the far more subtle and frightening lack of any tradition at all in the Nixon brand of Republicanism. His is the complete opportunism of the California real-estate operators; of men who are out for profit or prestige; of expensively dressed hucksters with unbounded material imaginations who lack even the camaraderie of the old-time bosses. They are, I truly believe, the only potential revolutionaries in American life.

The Democratic Clubs

But people have become restive under the strange rule of this mixed



Knowland

Republicanism. Recently there has arisen the C.D.C. (Council of Democratic Clubs), which, with amateur workers, has won a spectacular series of special state elections. Door-knocking has actually paid off against mass publicity. The Democrats, for the first time this century, are within a few votes of controlling both houses of the state legislature. Then would come "redistricting" (or the counter-gerrymander).

However, it was not state issues that touched off the Democratic revolt. Most of the clubs sprang into being almost overnight following Adlai Stevenson's acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention of 1952. They brought into politics a type of middle-class professional person who previously had given only a genteel groan at the nastinesses of both parties. But these good folk, somewhat of a cross between British Fabians and New England Mugwumps, have actually stayed in politics, begun to enjoy politics and also, clearly, the sociability of a common and respectable cause. The club movement is both a political protest of the professional middle class at its lack of real choice in state elections, and a social quest for community and recognition amid the loneliness and rootlessness of the suburbs. The clubs total thirty thousand members and are growing rapidly. They are mainly concentrated in the suburbs and have little strength in the cities or the rural areas. Organized in neighborhood groups, mostly small enough to meet in homes, they send delegates to nominating conventions at every electoral level.

California has seen the sudden upsurge of "grass-roots democracy" before: The 1930's saw the "Ham and Eggs" movement, "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday," and the Townsend Plan; in 1934 the EPIC clubs (End Poverty in California) nearly elected Upton Sinclair as Democratic governor. But the new club movement, drawing its strength from the prosperous-looking suburban middle classes, is certainly more stable.

'Sick of Being Manipulated'

Amid these normally Republican folk, and amid the very success of California as a middle-class community, a subtle resentment has arisen. They feel themselves shut out of any real choice in politics, divorced from any coherent function, angry and resentful at how crude is the final effect of the many subtleties of mass-media campaigning. "It's not that we've been pushed around," a young business consultant and club chairman told me. "We've never had it so good. But we're sick of being manipulated. We want real choices and candidates who present real issues."

I found it hard to get at what those real issues should be, but discussing issues and policy resolutions at all gives the clubs an appearance, as they see themselves, of being "truly liberal," "progressive," even "radical." Furthermore, there is an underlying awareness of not being an

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independent middle class but a heavily indebted middle class. Their nervousness as debtors has enabled them to question the shibboleth, so sedulously cultivated by Earl Warren, that to be nonpolitical is to be Republican.

Two obvious questions arise from the egghead-cum-Mugwump mentality of the clubs. How broadly are they based? And would they survive an ebbing of Stevenson's fortunes? Some clubs correspond socially and politically to the original "Eisenhower Republicans" in the G.O.P. Sitting in a club meeting in Alemeda County, in a fine, spacious ranch-style home, balancing coffee cup in one hand and agenda in the other, I voiced a doubt about how comfortable an ordinary labor-union member might feel there. "But we want more labor people in the clubs. We truly do—I only wish we knew some . . ."

But the fund of talent and energy the clubs have brought into politics is vast and impressive, and they are far more constant friends of the interests of the Democratic Party than Californian labor has ever been. For all practical purposes, the clubs are the Democratic Party in California. The county committee officers, elected at the official primary, are so legally circumscribed as to be politically ineffective, being specifically forbidden to intervene in the primaries. If the clubs can find candidates who appeal to the nominal majority of registered Democrats, they will soon have made California a Democratic state.

Not all Democrats are friendly to the clubs. The handful of Democratic Congressmen, often protected in their own bailiwicks by the very Republican gerrymander that distorts the state as a whole, have been interested mainly in Federal patronage and very little in state politics. So they have been lukewarm, at best, to the clubs. They are suspicious that they will "muscle in" on their districts. The clubs are indeed talking of purging the deadwood among both state assemblymen and U.S. Congressmen and aspirant Congressmen, young lawyers with their eyes on future Federal patronage, who talk of "softness to Communism" in the clubs or of "openness to infiltration," operators who have a deep and genuine suspicion of ideals in politics.

It is no secret, for instance, that John Despol, the secretary of the state CIO, shares such worries, although he wishes to "reform" the clubs, not abolish them. Club members accuse him, with some justice, of "seeing Communists under the bed"; but he can properly point to his own uphill fight just after the Second World War to convince "the liberals of innocence" that the Communists had seriously infiltrated the Los Angeles Labor Council. He may be now flogging a dead horse, but many vent on him their shame at never having realized that it was alive. He has tried to get the clubs to accept a fairly sensible tightening of their very loose membership and accreditation procedures, but his name spells defeat for any resolution at a C.D.C. convention. His somewhat Buchmanite approach to world affairs is intensely disliked too. Despol is a sort of anti-intellectual intellectual—a rather odd figure to find at the head of the state CIO.

Pre-Primary Endorsements

The clubs are accused, by a strange mixture of the Old Guard and direct-democracy idealists, of violating the spirit of the open primary by their pre-primary endorsements. At the state-wide convention at Fresno this February, candidates for the Senate were asked to pledge themselves not to run in the official primary if defeated at Fresno. Ex-Congressman Sam Yorty, a close friend of Despol and twice Democratic candidate for the Senate, refused to make this pledge, especially as a second resolution was passed forbidding candidates to withdraw their names from the convention ballot. Yorty, who has been a Democratic wheelhorse, is now being pushed aside as rising prospects of success make the nomination more important. He tried to withdraw his name and said that he would run anyway, denouncing this almost anarchistically amateur convention as "rigged, wired, packed and stacked." Perhaps by insulting the convention he stumbled, but he at once picked up unusually generous Republican press notices; and, to speak charitably, his

Goodwin Knight

campaign is being paid for by someone. Through him the Republicans hope to split the Democratic primary in favor of Senator Thomas H. Kuchel's re-election, or at least to discredit the clubs. Yorty has already begun to apply the "soft to Communism" tarbrush to his opponent, State Senator Richard Richards, who has been overwhelmingly endorsed by the clubs.

But there is stronger opposition to pre-primary endorsement. John B. Elliott, an oil man, the campaign manager of two of the three Democratic Senators elected in this century, spent $32,000 of his own money in 1952 trying to abolish cross-filing by initiative and referendum. As an old Wilsonian Democrat, he believes passionately in the open primary; and as a friend and patron of many of the old Federal appointees, he shares their resentment at the way the clubs by-pass them and succeed without them. His initiative campaign failed, but the Republicans were worried enough to put on the ballot another reform bill, to confuse the issue: It left cross-filing but added the party registration of each candidate after his name. The bill was passed, and the 1954 elections showed that for once Whitaker & Baxter had blundered. Republican incumbents running in Democratic primaries drew "only" thirty to thirty-two per cent of the vote, a drop of more than half. This shows that if the Democrats do not split their vote, they can control their own primary at last and give the state genuine elections. But such a figure

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is far from showing that the need for pre-primary endorsement is over; rather it shows that it can now reap fruits.

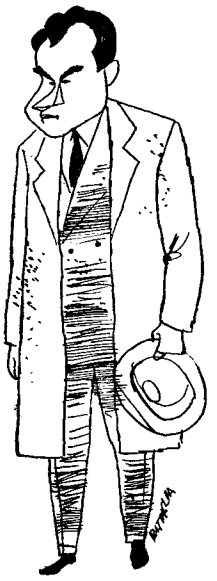
A MORE VALID criticism of the clubs is that they often operate too much on their own. "In the old days," a Congressional aspirant said to me, "a potential candidate would go around and talk to veterans, farm groups, labor groups, civic groups, church groups, every pressure group and possible donor he could get to. This would show if he was widely acceptable. Now the clubs meet in private, hear candidates, and vote for the one who looks the most like Mr. Deeds, whether or not he has any real support or money at all." But if this is a mistake, it is only a tactical one. And perhaps a candidate who is acceptable to everybody gives no one any reason to reject the incumbent, which may have been one of the weaknesses of California Democracy before the clubs. The clubs are indeed alien to the pressure-group politics of the big cities, Los Angeles and San Francisco, but these cities were already isolated Democratic strongholds; California is to be won or lost in the very different suburban growth around them.

Certainly the only Democrat who holds high state office and who himself won in both primaries, Attorney General Pat Brown, is for and with the clubs, if not of them. Though trained in the hard school of San Francisco Irish city politics, he realizes that the door-knocking work of enthusiastic and respectable amateurs is the only answer to Republican control of mass media.

Stevenson and Kefauver

Up until this year's Fresno convention the clubs were solid for Stevenson. Indeed at first glance they appeared more for Stevenson than for the Democratic Party. Even after Minnesota the majority of the clubs and nearly all the leadership remain firmly for Stevenson. But after Kefauver's Fresno speech, particularly the ad lib passages on Federal enforcement of desegregation, it was clear that most of the clubs would not feel that the bottom had fallen right out of their new world if Stevenson is not endorsed at Chicago. The loudest applause of the whole convention was given to a remark of Pat Brown's at a banquet: "Well, we've seen today that whoever wins the Democratic nomination, we'll have a great candidate in the field to work for."

The segregation issue cannot just be swept under the carpet in California: Wartime industry brought two hundred thousand Negro voters to the state. Even apart from this specific issue, the clubs like to picture themselves as militantly liberal. Their somewhat excited mood at Fresno was not exploited by Stevenson's historical analysis and his espousal of moderation: "The right



Nixon

answers to most of today's hard problems do not lie at extremes." Though the press pit was nodding in grave agreement with his speech, it was soon clear that it had not gone over in the hall. Kefauver's speech went over very well, though he said nothing that would have astonished Wilson in 1912. But he won over people by contriving to sound intemperate: "Dead-center politics get nowhere." He was seemingly wrestling, with dedication and without compromise, to convert Democrats to beliefs they have always held. Stevenson was reasoning and Kefauver was performing a ritual act; and the audience sat judging the speeches not as if the speakers were speaking to them but as if they were addressing a hypothetical marginal audience out in the sticks. Stevenson was, I think, trying to persuade his audience to give up the American liberal habit of barking louder than one bites.

The Unwelcome Paradox

C.D.C. members, like many American intellectuals, enjoy sounding more radical than they are. And the California Democratic Party is becoming as near to an "issue-orientated" intellectual party as can be found in American politics. But club members are just waking up to the fact—and some of them don't seem to like it—that in Stevenson the democratic and the conservative traditions merge. The essential silliness of the so called "new conservatism" à la Russell Kirk is that there are no truly conservative institutions or beliefs in America to conserve. Was it a profound or an obvious remark for Gunnar Myrdal to say: "The American is conservative. . . But the principles conserved are liberal"? This fits Stevenson well, a traditionalist but not a conservative. But the expansive Californians do not like to sound as if they are conforming to anything. In no group of people have I been more acutely aware of the two great paradoxes of American thought: the conformity of individualism and traditional anti-traditionalism. They do not feel easy with anyone who seems to share their intelligence and yet seems to prick the bubble of their radical pose, who can speak of "our common American tradition" without cant, craft, or conscious attempts to deceive.

But while Stevenson is probably right about the relatively narrow range of possibilities within American liberalism, I suspect that many members of the C.D.C. are being torn between their admiration of the man and the seeming conservatism of his doctrines. They are resentful when he reminds them that the South cannot just be read out of the Democratic Party. Unlike many, he has not forgotten that American political parties are not parties of a single unifying idea but are alliances of regions and interests, methods of reaching enough agreement and compromise to make a diverse continent a nation.

Stevenson, the traditionalist liberal, is still the personification of

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the basic sentiments of most club members, but it is touch and go how much many of them are under the spell of "progressivism." They try almost desperately to avoid looking too much like the liberal Republican who lives in the slightly different house next door. Kefauver, like Truman in campaign time, can indulge this "radical" urge well—though why to have "the common touch" is to be radical is never made clear.

I remember vividly asking several groups of delegates at Fresno why Kefauver's speech appealed to them. They all said, "It was like Harry Truman in 1948." Their answer would have been inconceivable four years ago, when they came into being to support the man who would "rather be right than President." "Like Harry Truman in 1948" was then among the very things they disliked in politics. Now they are growing up fast into politicians, but perhaps, like many politicians, they are really playing a role and are repeating all the mistakes of an assumed cynicism, underestimating the real political force of their own original appeal, the sheer cussed idealism of amateurs neglected by those who play at being big shots.

BE ALL THIS as it may, the Democrats, thanks to the C.D.C., are fast becoming the leading force in what is fast becoming the leading state. The "forgotten Senator from California," Kuchel, faces a stiff fight this year. The C.D.C. presents the unusual spectacle of a suburban revolt against the Republicans in a predominantly suburban state. It is in the Californian primary that Stevenson stands to win or lose the Democratic nomination. Whichever party wins, Californians will be more prominent than ever in Washington next year. In the coming elections California, already the great suburban frontier and pacemaker of American social forces, may well hold the balance of power.

It is worth watching California closely during the next few months. For, I think, the basic question of politics in the western world is whether amateurs—I will not say "the people," nor yet the "better elements," but just "amateurs"—can hold their own against the pseudo expertise of politics as public relations.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Singing Stone of Cyprus

A Short Story

PAUL BROCK

THE VILLAGE of Formby in Lancashire, England, has two flourishing inns much frequented by United States military personnel stationed in and around the area. One is the Grapes in the center of the village, brightly painted and spacious, with a bold invitation for the passing stranger. The other, the Bay Horse, is far less pretentious but, with its old-world charm and low beams, reflects more truly the modesty and quiet charm of the village founded by the Norman invaders of 1066.

If you are a passing traveler, you are almost certain to stop at the Grapes. But if fate has decreed that you are to remain for a year or two in or near Formby, give solemn heed to the question of which house shall have your custom, for on the answer will depend your social grading. In this matter the village permits no promiscuity. You will be known either as "one of the Grapes crowd" or as a "Bay Horse regular." And once your choice is made, there is no turning back.

My own choice was accidental, and sometimes, as I stretch my legs to the blazing coal fire in the giant hearth of the Bay Horse, I think of how life in an English village is full of pitfalls for the American, and tremble to think how easily I might have made a wrong decision.

ONE EVENING, a few days after I had moved into a rented creeper-clad house of gray stone on the corner of the village green, I dropped in at the Bay Horse and called for a drink. There was an air of simple charm about the place that pleased me mightily. The bar was warm and friendly, with its deep chairs and brass ornaments and gay flowers shining against the dark oak-paneled walls. As I entered, several local citizens looked up, and when I said "Good evening" they nodded shyly and looked away.

Sampling my tankard, I was aware of being covertly scrutinized.

I went again to the Bay Horse many times, but always I was conscious of an invisible barrier between myself and the other patrons. Try as I might, I could do nothing to dispel the feeling that I was an intruder. Not that there was any apparent hostility. In fact they were invariably courteous, almost embarrassingly so. But their gestures of friendliness were made with definite reserve.

I now know that those honest Englishmen were simply waiting to be quite sure of my fitness to be a member of the Bay Horse clientele. I was on probation. I was a stranger and a foreigner, a temporary Bay Horse man who might at any moment take a retrogressive step in the direction of the Grapes.

TWO MONTHS passed before my apprenticeship came to an end. It happened one Saturday evening. The bar was comfortably crowded with regulars. George Hurst was there, eagerly relating the details of his latest success at the Formby Agricultural Show to Tom Merrywell, who keeps a small poultry farm and was listening with admiring deference. The schoolmaster, boyish-faced and high-spirited, was busily whipping in an audience for his next week's lecture on "Formby's Wild Birds," and was engaged for a moment in a friendly dispute on the habits of the heron with Mrs. Haycroft, the proprietor's wife, a stout lady in purple with the dignity of a priestess keeping a watchful eye on

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her young acolyte, Betty Stall, the notably attractive barmaid. George and Harry Bailey, brother farmers, sat discussing crops with Bill Kellett the sand-and-gravel merchant, while old Teddie Barnard, who miraculously scraped a living from a curiosity shop in the village, smoked a gurgling pipe and listened.

Conversation had been general for some time when, during a pause, old Barnard suddenly fished something out of his pocket and remarked to no one in particular:

"Did you ever hear tell of the Singing Stone of Cyprus?"

Nobody had, apparently, for there was a unanimous shaking of heads.

"Neither had I until yesterday," he said. "I've seen a few off things in the curio business, but nothing to compare with this, though it isn't much to look at."

Certainly there was nothing remarkable about the rectangular object he held in his palm. It resembled a small, flat brick about six inches long and four inches wide and about one inch in thickness. It was the color of peat, faintly flecked with greenish streaks, and from where I sat I could see some markings or carvings upon it, distorted by age and the general discoloration of the stone.

"What is it, a paperweight?" asked George Hurst.

"No, it isn't. Though you could use it for that if you don't happen to have an ear for music. This is the Singing Stone of Cyprus, and there isn't anything like it in the whole world."

"IT ARRIVED yesterday from my son in India. He thought I might be able to tell him something about it, me being in the curio line. But I confess it beats me. He said it was sold to him by a native of Cyprus, and he's got more than a suspicion that the native wasn't sorry to get rid of it. Anyway, the stone is centuries old. According to the legend it was carved by an ancient craftsman, and the markings are supposed to represent the face of his daughter, a young girl and a famous beauty by all accounts. Day by day for many months he worked at the stone with his crude implements—it's a very hard sort of marble—and while he worked his daughter sang to him. He loved her so much that he wasn't just satisfied to make a likeness of her. He wanted to get something of the soul of his child into his carvings. He felt that it was a sin that anything as good and beautiful as she was should be allowed to perish, and so the old man lovingly strove day after day to trap some part of her real self into his model."

Old Barnard broke off and stroked the stone gently.

"And he succeeded. Better than he had hoped, perhaps. It's hard to believe, but he actually captured his daughter's voice in this lump of stone. Throughout the centuries that girl's songs have never died. They have echoed in this stone. *And they echo to this day.*"

That made us jump a bit.

"You mean to say, Ted Barnard, that you can hear in that silly bit of stone the voice of a girl dead these hundreds of years?" exclaimed Mrs. Haycroft derisively.

"That's exactly what I do mean. I admit I thought my son was fooling again—he's a rare one for a bit of fun, is Tom. But there was something about his letter that made me doubt he was fooling. Anyway, when I came to the bit about striking the stone three times on metal and putting it to my ear, I thought there would be no harm in trying it."

"And you heard?" Merrywell's voice was a little breathless.

"I did hear, surely. You know the old trick of listening to the roar of the sea in a sea shell? Well, it was like that, only a hundred times clearer and more startling. It was the voice of a young girl, right enough, chanting in a strange singsong voice in some language I had never heard. It was a haunting tune, and all sorts of queer fancies came into my head as I listened to it. I didn't seem to be in my own shop at all. It was just as if I was looking on while the old stonecutter worked away and his pretty daughter sang like a lark. I could almost see the sun of Cyprus shining in her hair, and the blue sky, and the goats on the green hills, and the old man bending over his work with a gentle smile, putting everything he knew into this bit of stone. After five minutes or so the picture faded and I was back in my shop again."

He stopped speaking. Our pipes had gone out and our glasses remained untouched. Betty Stall stood with the glass she was drying, her big blue eyes misty with romance. The rest of us sat motionless, our eyes fixed upon the prosaic-looking object in Barnard's hand, until we were startled by a contemptuous noise from Mrs. Haycroft.

"Stuff and nonsense, Mr. Barnard!" she said. "I'm surprised that a man of your years and sense should try those tricks in this house. I call it dabbling in the occult, such talk as that."

She sat bold upright and looked stiffly about for allies. She found them quickly enough, for now that we had recovered from the initial spell of the old man's story we saw how gloriously we had allowed our legs to be pulled.

"Try the other leg, Mr. Barnard," scoffed the schoolmaster, tendering a long limb, while big Bill Kellett confessed that upon his soul he had half believed the yarn at first.

Old Barnard smiled.

"I don't blame you for disbelieving, but it's easily tested. Would you like to try it for yourself, Mrs. Haycroft?" he said, passing the stone to her. She took it doubtfully and seemed to regret that she had made herself the spearhead of criticism. Gingerly she placed it against her ear. After a moment or two, renewed confidence flooded into her eyes, and her mouth set grimly.

"Exactly as I thought, a hoax. I can't hear . . ."

The dawning triumph died in her eyes, and with a touch of irritation she knocked the stone three times against the metal edge of the counter. Then she set it once more to her ear.

NEVER have I seen such an alarming change of face. Her contempt and suspicion fell away like a veil, to be followed by a look of such amazed awe that it was faithfully reflected in the faces of the onlookers. The big-boned features looked suddenly gentle and refined. For a minute or two she sat like a woman in a trance, her eyes dim and her lips parted in a secret smile. She seemed entirely oblivious of our presence, and none of us dared make a sound, so astonished were we all at this phenomenon, and so tensely

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did we strain our ears to share her experience.

At last Mrs. Haycroft placed the stone reverently on the counter, and with eyes still set upon a secret vision she looked dreamily from one to another.

"It—it was beautiful!" she sighed. "I don't pretend to understand it, Mr. Barnard, but I'm sorry I was rude to you just now. It was heavenly, listening to that sweet voice, so sad and yet so happy, like—like a young girl in love." She whipped a capacious handkerchief from her bosom and sniffed into it.

George Hurst gently removed the stone from the counter.

"Mind if I have a go, Barnard?" he said eagerly.

"Not at all."

We waited impatiently while George performed the preliminaries. To our growing amazement, as he listened we saw his face become suddenly gentle and smooth, like a sleeping child's, and his eyes were those of one who peers through a faery casement, lost in silent wonder. Slowly he lowered the stone again, and there was a suggestion of a tremor in his voice when he confessed that he had seen some pretty remarkable things in his time, but this had them all beat.

Betty took the stone next and declared that to her the voice sounded like a woman crying, a sort of plaintive, shuddering sob, as though the girl were singing through her tears. Bill Kellett told her bluntly not to be foolish, but a moment later, when he had roughly tapped the stone and listened to its strange song, he said it was uncanny. The girl's voice was plainer than hi-fi radio. And when he handed it over to Tom Merrywell, Tom backed sharply away, saying that it might be all that it was claimed to be, but that he for one wasn't going to get mixed up in any black magic.

I could hardly check my impatience as the stone was passed from hand to hand, but, being still a comparative stranger, I felt I should wait until these reserved Englishmen invited me to share this extraordinary experience. The bar was buzzing with excitement, and tongues were loosened to an astonishing degree.

Old Barnard sat quietly enjoying

his hour of triumph and answering as best he could the flock of questions that flew about him.

Now it was the schoolmaster's turn. He had already suggested that the song was probably an aural illusion due to the inner structure of the stone, a freak of acoustics on which the legend had grown. This was obviously an unpopular theory, and everybody stopped talking to watch him.

He listened, and slowly the smile died from his face. Quietly he handed back the stone to Barnard, and stood for a moment silent and absorbed. Then he shook his head ruefully.

"My theory of acoustics won't do," he said gravely.

This made a profound impression, and Betty, a stickler for romance, said she had been positive it wasn't an echo or anything of that sort, and that love could work miracles even in stone.

For myself, I could stand it no longer. Nobody had offered me a chance, and old Barnard was even now in the act of replacing the stone in his pocket. Throwing polite restraint aside, I walked over to him and asked him if I might try the stone. Shyly the old man withdrew it and placed it in my hand.

"Willingly, sir," he said. "I thought that maybe being from America you wouldn't have anything to do with such stuff."

"I certainly would," I said warmly. "It sounds like the most puzzling thing I've ever heard."

Everyone in the bar looked at me, and I thought I detected a new friendliness in their eyes. It was obvious that I had taken the proper course in making the first advance. Perhaps I wasn't a high and mighty Yank after all, they were thinking, and they were clearly hoping the stone would give of its best. It came to me that this was the first time I had got really close to these people, for their sympathy and kindness at this moment were unmistakable.

THE STONE was heavier than I had thought it would be. With elaborate care I struck it three times against the iron guard around the massive fireplace, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I lost color as I placed the stone to my ear. I heard nothing. I tapped again.

"Quiet, Betty—give the gentleman a chance," said Mrs. Haycroft to her glamorous helper, who was stacking glasses. Betty stopped instantly.

I tried again. Still there was no sound.

"Try the other ear," suggested George Hurst.

I did so, again without result.

Looks of consternation began to show in the faces of those kindly folk. It was as though they felt that somehow they had failed in hospitality. Mrs. Haycroft looked anxiously across and hoped I was not hard of hearing. The schoolmaster suggested that he should tap the stone and I listen.

"Try knocking it against the poker—perhaps that guard isn't properly metallic," said Bill Kellett.

For two or three minutes I followed all these suggestions one after

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another, furiously tapping the stone against any article that remotely resembled metal, first listening with one ear and then with the other, and then letting everyone else do the tapping. I went so far as to thrust my head inside my coat to shut out extraneous noises. It was no good. I couldn't get a sound out of that stone.

Suddenly I tore the coat away from my head and looked up. Betty was shuddering as though she had a violent attack of malaria, stifling her mirth with the back of her hand. Mrs. Haycroft rocked to and fro while thin, strangled giggles bubbled from the handkerchief stuffed into her mouth. Bill Kellett had his head in his hands, his big frame shaken convulsively with a series of laughing explosions. The schoolmaster had his hands at his sides and was roaring with delight, while Tom Merrywell, all restraint abandoned, sent great gusts of laughter volleying to the roof, and old Barnard chorused a piping chuckle of deep satisfaction.

A lamb for their slaughter! And what a lamb and what a slaughter!

For a moment my Yankee blood simmered, and then cooled abruptly. Somehow I contrived to produce a sheepish grin.

"O.K., you win," I bleated. "I've never been so fooled in all my life. In return, I'd like to fill your glasses."

Not much of a speech, but it seemed to strike the right note with those Englishmen. The laughter promptly subsided and all of them cordially drank my health.

NEXT MORNING I received two letters. One was a brief, friendly note from George Hurst's wife, asking me to dine with them the following night. Here is the other:

SIR,

It is my duty, sir, to tell you we have elected you vice-president of the Bay Horse Dart Club, and there isn't a finer club anywhere. Please note, sir, that we never play darts with the Grapes crowd.

Yours truly,
TOM MERRYWELL
Hon. Sec., B.H.D.C.

Socially, and as a Bay Horse regular, I had arrived.

The Fury Of a Patient Man

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THOREAU OF WALDEN: THE MAN AND HIS EVENTFUL LIFE, by Henry Beetle Hough. *Simon and Schuster. $4.*

"Now that the republic—the *res-publica*—has been settled, it is time to look after the *res-privata*—the private state . . ." So wrote Henry David Thoreau a century ago. If the first half of the sentence is a scornful assumption, the second half is a necessary admonition. More than ever we need this greatest nonconformist of all; as the refrigerators, Thunderbirds, TV sets, and washing machines tumble forth from the cornucopia, someone must stand aside and whisper to us in a voice like a wind soughing through the tops of tall pines: "Simplify, simplify." And as the new corporative man finds that his job has become a castle, enclosing his private life as well, more than ever we need to remember that there is always Henry strolling outside the walls, free.

He hated institutions; he was trying to get at the man. "It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world. . . . In short, as a snowdrift is formed where there is a lull in the wind, so, one would say, where there is a lull of truth, an institution springs up. But the truth blows right on over it, nevertheless, and at length blows it down."

One is tempted to quote indefinitely, for this is the pithiest writer of them all.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, small-town editor, conservationist, and grandson of a Martha's Vineyard whaling captain, is just the man to write about the sage of Walden, and he has made a splendid tangy book of it. Mr. Hough has modestly conceived of himself as an interstitial biographer, knitting together only those areas where direct quotations from Thoreau or his contemporaries will not fill the gap. The highest compliment one may pay Mr. Hough is to say that at his best he writes quite like another Henry himself: "If Thoreau's life was uneventful, the earth might as well be all neon lights and pavement, and the time of man appointed in a subway."

This is a biography stripped bare of all the fungi of academic scholarship—no footnotes, no sources, a fine evocation of a figure who was ". . . pungently impolite to the generality of his fellow men and to most of their ideas." Like every good Thoreauvian, Mr. Hough knows that we murder to dissect. He wants his Henry whole. He does not tear him apart, petal by petal—the poet-naturalist, the transcendentalist, the philosophical anarchist—and try to add him up into the flower again. He knows that the blossoming life is more than the sum of its analyzed fragments. The author stands off and admires his man, oblique, gnarled as an apple tree. "Taking Thoreau apart was convenient for special comfort and prejudices, but the knotty, green-leaved fact was that he had always been and would remain all one."

He was indeed all one, and his effort in living was to hold his footing against the pressure of the mass. "Let us love by refusing, not accepting one another." But should anyone think to make a cult out of Henry's individualism, he would be the first to reject it. Though he went to the woods to plumb the rock bottom of things, he did not counsel others to follow suit. "I would not have anyone adopt *my* mode of living on any account; for, beside that

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before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself, I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead."

Henry and Walt

Walden was published in August, 1854. The first edition of *Leaves of Grass* appeared the following summer. Both books grew from the seedbed of Emerson. Both books shared a stubborn insistence upon finding an experiential path to transcendental truths, although Whitman was fain to label this path American while Thoreau distrusted the word "America" as he distrusted every other "made word." And it would be true to say also, I think, that you will find a good deal of Thoreau's mystical individualism in Whitman, but none of Whitman's collectivism in Thoreau. The Brooklyn bard chanted not only the body electric; he also chanted the body politic. But for Henry, politics, any institution, did not really exist. There was man and there was the cosmos, but that intermediary between the two—society—was an abstraction which he could blandly ignore.

The "average man," the "statistical man," would have been his abomination. Any effort to please led perpendicularly downward. Popularity, he might have said (he didn't), made for best cellars. A few months after *Walden* appeared—published at the author's own expense like Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*—he was writing in his Journal: "After lecturing twice this winter, I feel that I am in danger of cheapening myself by trying to become a successful lecturer, i.e. to interest my audiences. I am disappointed to find that most that I am and value myself for is lost, or worse than lost, on my audience. I fail to get even the attention of the mass. I should suit them better if I suited myself less. I feel that the public desired an average man—average thoughts and manners—not originality, nor even absolute excellence. You cannot interest them except as you are like them and sympathize with them. I would rather that my audience came to me than that I should go to them, and so they be sifted, i.e. I would rather write books than lecture. That is fine, this coarse . . ."

And so one man plunged into the Broadway throngs and sought himself in everybody; the other withdrew to a woodland lake to differentiate himself from everybody. One had played an active part in politics and been a newspaper editor; the other was too busy reading the Eternities to read the *Times*. As for politics, there weren't any in the huckleberry field.

No wonder that when Thoreau and Whitman met in 1856, they regarded each other warily like two wild animals. And yet they could appreciate what they had in common, and Henry liked Walt's poems. As for those who held their noses at Whitman—"If we are shocked, whose experience is it that we are reminded of?"

Mr. Hough justly stresses the dedication with which Henry went about his real job. He was a writer, and if he worked mornings as a surveyor or made pencils in the family business, that was only to enable him to wander the woods and fields all afternoon and gather specimens for his Journal, that rich-veined quarry out of which came *Walden* and *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and other random essays.

A superb stylist, one of our greatest, his sentences ring true and deep as the bite of an ax, and his flavor is pungent as woodsmoke. But it is a prose style that wouldn't be very fashionable today. For like all the transcendentalists he was searching for symbols everywhere and hence expressed himself in a succession of metaphors, similes, tropes—the inevitable figuration of a poetic mind seeking the universal significance in every isolated event. But if Thoreau was quite as bookish as Emerson, and hears the Odyssey in a mosquito's hum, yet this is outdoor writing, while Emerson never really leaves the study.

Meticulously Henry will note a conversation with an Irishman living in a shack, or the battle of the red and the black ants on his doorstep, or the slant of winter sun, or the crystals of his frozen, beloved pond. Though impatient of anything less than the total meaning of things, he will not approach the universal at a bound but must get at it via the particular fact, the illuminating detail. Thus we find in Thoreau a peculiarly American marriage of the pragmatic and the transcendental, of the here and now and the total configuration of things. Yet he would not risk generalizations about the other side of the grave. "One world at a time." When he was dying of the tuberculosis that was endemic in his family, dying with a benign calm like an autumnal tree shedding its leaves, his aunt asked him if he had made his peace with God. "I am not aware that we had ever quarreled," he replied.

Certainly he has many voices but after all it is all one. One wind makes various music as it passes through various foliages. So whether Henry is writing about politics, the reading habits of Concord, shrub oaks, loons, John Brown, or his beanfield, it is always the same stubborn voice: His soul is his own and

he will not have anyone else trespass on it.

A porcupine character, bristles raised. When James Russell Lowell attempted to exercise the editorial pencil on some passages that he considered blasphemous. Henry broke off all relations with the *Atlantic Monthly* for as long as Lowell remained editor. He would not let

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Margaret Fuller change a word in a poem. He took his writing with deadly seriousness as the expression of himself and that self was incapable of compromise.

A Star to Sail By

He was an extremist. And extremists who hurl thought bombs are esesntial to a good society. Without them the air gets too thick; without them we have furrow vision and not over-the-hill vision. You cannot refute this "common and cosmical" man, in Mr. Hough's fine phrase, by heaping up solid blocks of logic demonstrating the necessity of our institutions. Henry will kick them down and go off to play his flute on the pond. Of course we need our institutions; and perhaps in our jet age of anxiety we need more of them—to construct more jets and to relieve more anxieties. But we also need someone to demonstrate that it is possible to "do without," and to remind us that ultimate questions relate man to the cosmos rather than to society. Obviously we cannot build a social order upon Thoreau's essentially anti- or, rather, non-social thinking. In this respect alone, I should say, is Mr. Hough's well-whittled book inadequate. He is too reluctant to point up any limitations in Thoreau's thought. For although Thoreau is a star to sail by, we can't sail at all unless a number of hands get together to build and man the boat. He looms above us, glittering, but very far away. We need him primarily to prevent ourselves from getting tangled up in a Sargasso Sea.

This, of course, is the role of the thinker *in extremis*. But when we descend to the social realm, he is a bit too nettlesome. "I love Henry," said one of his friends, "but I cannot like him, and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree." There are too many New England stone fences about the inviolate acres of his ego. This reluctance to enter into close relationship with his fellow men certainly kept him at a remove from his fellow women. A child of nature, who considered sex sacred and marriage the poetry in a man's life, he never married, and it would have been astonishing if he had. Judiciously, Mr. Hough presents fascinating material on the sentimental side of Thoreau—his love for his family, his close loyalty to friends, a swift-thwarted love affair in his youth, and the many years of what was apparently an intensely platonic relationship with Emerson's wife. Nor was he a hermit. He was as eager as any fledgling writer to get his works into print, spoke at lyceums, frequented literary circles in Boston and New York.

A popular error of which Mr. Hough helps to disenchant us is to consider the Walden episode as a Robinson Crusoe testing of one man's ability to survive. As a matter of fact, Henry went to town almost every day, attended lectures, sat in village parlors, and then returned home to his snug harbor in the woods. What he was testing was not the physical ability to survive but what was worthy of surviving. What was the rock bottom beneath the alluvium of society? He was on another of those quests that we find in so much great literature: the Pilgrim's Progress, the search for the White Whale, Job's argument with the Voice in the whirlwind. In the mornings he provided for his body by hoeing the beanfield, in the afternoon the real work could begin. He stayed at Walden for two years and two months to "meet the facts of life, the vital facts," and when he felt he had captured some of them he returned to society.

But although Thoreau tended to disparage what his intelligence could not altogether deny, namely, that man in society is just as vital a fact as man in the universe, he was capable of falling into passionate involvements that altogether contradicted his theoretical indifference. For this man who refused to pay a poll tax or support charitable institutions and did not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which he had not joined, this archindividualist who believed in minding his own business, is suddenly embroiled up to the neck in the case of John Brown. Against the cautious counsels of the other Concord intellectuals, Emerson among them, Henry is whipping up a meeting in support of the fiery abolitionist and excoriating his fellow countrymen for threatening to execute the bearded prophet who had raided the government arsenal at Harpers Ferry. "The things immediate to be done are very trivial," he had written: "I could postpone them all to hear this locust sing." But he did not consider the case of John Brown trivial. It is fascinating to compare Lincoln's cautious utterances on the same subject in the address at Cooper Union on February 27, 1860: "And how much would it

avail you, if you could, by the use of John Brown . . . break up the Republican organization?" Lincoln's was the politician's concern, to clear the skirts of the new political party from any charge of extremism. But Thoreau, who did not like to kill and was a vegetarian on ethical grounds, declared, "I think that for once the Sharps rifles and the revolvers were employed in a righteous cause. The tools were in the hands of one who could use them. . . . It was his peculiar doctrine that a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slave-holder, in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him. . . . You who pretend to care for Christ crucified, consider what you are about to do to him who offered himself to be the savior of four millions of men. . . ."

Never has there been a more principled anti-collectivist, whether the collective be socialist or capitalist. From a slit in the castle wall the conformists watch this figure with the loping gait of an Indian disappearing into the woods, watch him with a touch of envious regret that soon enough becomes disparaging pity and then anger and fear.

He has a face, a homely big-beaked face like a hawk, and rather long arms, perhaps because "he made a longer use" of them, as his friend the poet William Ellery Channing put it. Those arms eventually touched a little brown man in a prison cell in South Africa, and Gandhi's passive-resistance campaign was shaped by Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience."

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A Soldier To Be Proud Of

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

SOLDIER: THE MEMOIRS OF MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, by General Matthew B. Ridgway, U.S.A., Ret., as told to Harold H. Martin. *Harper. $5.*

This book will rank among the great military memoirs in America's history. There have been European soldiers' memoirs that carry the emotional force and the passion and devotion that shines through Ridgway's narrative, but almost nothing equal to it has been written by an American military man. Curiously, Ridgway himself is quite unable to express Ridgway, his deep devotion to duty, his love and care for his men, his courage and determination. The inarticulate Ridgway—although he does not consider himself so—had the good fortune to have Harold H. Martin as collaborator. The book is all Ridgway's but the superb presentation is Martin's.

There is not an uninteresting chapter, whether the topic be Ridgway's boyhood memories of life in the Army, his military problems as a commander in battle, or his frustrations in the Pentagon. What will have permament appeal and make this book read by generations of soldiers is his understanding of men and his ideas of military leadership. His *bête noire,* Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, is more apt to be remembered fifty years from now because he is in Ridgway's book than for anything he has done as Secretary of Defense.

Indomitable Commander

The nonmilitary reader will enjoy these memoirs just as much as the professional. There are no maps in them to confuse the narrative. The battles in which Ridgway was involved are told as personal adventure, illuminated on every page by human incidents. There are no planning problems and long-winded descriptions of situations. The battles are seen through the eyes of the indomitable commander and those of his men. For Ridgway was never a rear-echelon soldier. Where the going was hardest and where men and officers needed encouragement and help, there was Ridgway.

This great soldier has had the widest experience of any soldier in American history. During the Second World War he commanded the

82nd Airborne Division and later XVIII Airborne Corps in Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. He was a member of the military staff committee of the United Nations and head of the Inter-American Defense Board. He commanded in the Caribbean. He took over the Eighth Army in Korea after the death of his friend General Walton H. Walker. He succeeded Douglas MacArthur as Supreme Commander in the Far East and Eisenhower as chief of SHAPE. From the latter command he returned to the United States as the Army Chief of Staff.

It is, however, as a leader of troops in the field that Ridgway shines. Although he has had a great deal of diplomatic experience, he is no diplomat. I was in Paris some time ago when there were rumors that Alfred M. Gruenther was to be ordered home to assignment as Army Chief of Staff or Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Gruenther's successor was rumored to be another very successful combat commander. Two highly placed French officials asked me about it, saying: "Perhaps Ridgway was good for us, but we could not stand another like him."

Ridgway at SHAPE attempted to divorce himself from the political activities that Eisenhower had been forced to take on and to limit himself to the military field. He stuck to it, although it was impossible to separate political responsibilities from the military command. When Gruenther succeeded him, Gruenther had to spend much of his time pacifying and persuading European heads of state and addressing any and every European delegation to explain NATO's military plans and requirements.

On Wilson, Marshall, Ike

Ridgway's strongest criticism is directed against the Secretary of Defense. "In the midst of the morning briefings," he writes, "with a dozen problems pressing for decision, I would receive a telephone call that Mr. Wilson wished to see me at once. . . . So we would file upstairs, where usually we would find our opposite members in the other armed services, for Mr. Wilson was fond of a large audience, and of lengthy, and often rambling discussion of topics having no direct relation to the subject for which we had been assembled. By contrast it was a pleasure to work with his able deputy, Robert Anderson."

Of General George C. Marshall Ridgway writes: ". . . in my opinion [he] will occupy a place second only to George Washington in the military history of this country."

For Eisenhower Ridgway has no encomiums and some implied criticism. After the end of the Second World War, he witnessed some of the "disgraceful exhibitions" by sol

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diers in uniform meeting in public squares to protest their retention in service. He wrote Eisenhower, who was then Army Chief of Staff, recommending that something be done about it. Eisenhower's action was to appoint the Doolittle Board. Of the board's recommendations Ridgway writes: "I think personally, as I thought when I first read the report of that board, that, however well intentioned, it dangerously undermined that priceless element—the officer-enlisted man relationship based on mutual respect—that had been built up over generations of service together." In the intervening years a great part of the Doolittle Board's recommendations have been repudiated and its trend of thinking has been reversed.

Ridgway was implacable in his opposition to intervention in Indo-China. He foresaw it as another Korea on a larger scale. He had studies made of what the military requirements would be and sent copies to President Eisenhower. He attributes to his own report the President's decision not to intervene. He also has little patience with the idea that the United States should assist in the defense of Quemoy and Matsu. "They constituted, to my way of thinking," he writes, "no more than listening posts on an outpost line of observation. They had little value as offensive bases. Matsu would be useless in this respect, and Quemoy not much better, for there is no major military objective on the mainland that lies within three hundred miles. . . . Neither do the Reds have to have Quemoy for an invasion of Formosa." Ridgway considers his part in preventing intervention in Indo-China one of his major services to the nation.

That 1955 Budget

"As a combat soldier I have been shot at from ambush, and bombed by planes which I thought to be friendly, both of which are experiences that are momentarily unsettling," Ridgway writes. "I do not recall, however, that I ever felt a greater sense of surprise and shock than when I read in President Eisenhower's State of the Union Message in 1954 that: 'The defense program recommended for 1955 . . . is based on a new military program unanimously recommended by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.' "

Ridgway did not concur in the 1955 budget. He says it "was a 'directed verdict,' as were the Army budgets for 1956 and 1957." Whoever wrote the President's message wrote a technically correct statement that appears to have been deliberately misleading. The program referred to was the "new-look" long-range program which had the unanimous approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff subject only to these conditions:

¶ Tension in the Far East must be relaxed.

¶ Japanese forces in the Far East and Allied forces in Europe, including the German contribution, would have to be materially stronger.

¶ If any material change in the situation developed, the study was invalid.

These conditions had not been met, and Ridgway did not agree. The President had been misinformed. This possibly was due to his own insistence that the decisions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff should be unanimous. "Later," Ridgway writes, "the efforts of the Secretary of Defense and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were directed toward securing the unanimous assent of the country's top military men to these pre-set plans." The President's military prestige was used, and it was indicated that a difference of opinion "placed me in the position of taking issue with the Commander in Chief," and Wilson said: "That would not be good." Ridgway felt that political considerations, not military or economic, were the governing factors in the military policy while he was Chief of Staff. He remarks, "I thought many times how much happier my service would have been—and how different, perhaps, the course of history—if I had been dealing with Mr. Lovett, instead of Mr. Wilson, as Secretary of Defense."

'Strong in My Pride'

When Ridgway took over the defeated Eighth Army in Korea, rebuilt its confidence in itself, and finally attacked and drove a superior force of Reds back over the 38th parallel, he accomplished one of the greatest military feats in American history. He tells of it modestly, praising only the magnificent Eighth Army. But it was Ridgway's determination, his knowledge as a commander, and, as always, his presence at the front with his men where the going was hardest that put the Eighth Army on the attack.

It seems to have been forgotten that this was the same army that had been utterly routed shortly before by the same foe, primarily because of MacArthur's faulty dispositions of his forces with the Eighth Army and the X Corps operating independently under orders from Tokyo.

When the 82nd Airborne Division parachuted into Normandy, Ridgway went in with it. He had never jumped into battle before although he had been with his men in much earlier fighting. "All this was new to me," he writes, "and I had prepared myself to face it, as all men must steel their own souls to face new and unknown dangers. In the long days of training, as I readied this veteran fighting force for its greatest testing, there had been no time for introspection, for troubling thoughts of what fate might hold in store for me. But in the darkness after you have gone to bed, when you are not the commander, with stars on your shoulders, but just one man, alone with your God in the dark, your thoughts inevitably turn inward, and out of whatever resources of the spirit you possess, you prepare yourself as best you may for whatever tests may lie ahead.

"And in my wallet was a picture, stained and faded, of a Scottish soldier's monument that stands in Edinburgh. The soldier sits, head up, rifle across his knees, as if for a moment there had come a lull in battle. Carved in the stone beneath him is an inscription which long ago, unconsciously perhaps, I wove into the fabric of my own philosophy:

" 'If it be Life that waits, I shall live forever unconquered; if Death, I shall die at last, strong in my pride and free.' "

And so was Ridgway strong in his pride, tender in his courage, taking heart at desperate junctures from the Scriptures, from the soldier's poet, Kipling, from Housman and Tennyson. He has poured out his heart in this book and has given us a picture of a soldier to make all Americans proud.

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Queen Ants And Cadillacs

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE POWER ELITE, by C. Wright Mills. *Oxford. $6.*

C. Wright Mills is one of those sociologists who write about American society as though they were describing the complicated and unpleasant inner workings of a particularly distasteful colony of ants.

In an earlier book, *White Collar,* he told about the world of the middle-class drones: how the salesgirl at Bonwit Teller borrows from her customers a higher prestige than those who sell amid the fifty-eight escalators at Macy's; how the blank-faced secretary, blankly folding blank pieces of paper, in the world of the Enormous File, is worried about what people have against her when the name plate is taken off her desk; how the new sophisticated conservatives in business try by "human relations in industry" to establish "job enthusiasm" and a "we" attitude that will keep up the "morale of the cheerful robots"; how "Each day men sell little pieces of themselves in order to try and buy them back each night and week end with the coin of 'fun.' "

Now Mr. Mills tells about the world of the Queen Ants, whom his language calls the "Power Elite." Thirty-seven per cent of the Cadillacs in Manhattan are owned by companies to be used by their "corporate rich"; in the protocol of the high brass in Washington, coffee outranks tea; the only discernible reason that Howard Hughes spent almost nine million dollars to buy RKO was that he enjoyed the negotiations that took place in flights to the previous owner's California ranch; four men are kept busy doing nothing but replacing light bulbs in the Pentagon.

But Mr. Mills would not be as angry at all this as he is if he were talking just about insects. The savage naturalism of his description of our society, like that of his mentors Marx and Veblen, is surcharged with moral indignation.

The thesis of Mr. Mills's book is that America is run by an overlapping, mutually reinforcing, and essentially immoral elite of the economic, political, and military domains. He finds the present "conservative mood" a cover for their irresponsibility. As with an unabashed highbrow curiosity Mr. Kinsey examines the much-talked-about but still really not understood realm of sexual behavior, so Mr. Mills examines the similarly talked-about and similarly misunderstood realm of the life of power and wealth. But Mills has none of the social scientist's posture of "objectivity"; his work is thoroughly and provocatively interpretive: the "obscurantist bunk of public relations"; the "glossy little animal" on the movie screen; "sheer, naked, vulgar money." Sometimes he is carried away from academic prose entirely, into a kind of pseudo-poetic editorial diatribe: "Here are the men who have the inside track. Here are all the expensive commodities . . . Here is money talking in its husky, silky voice of cash, power, celebrity."

THE PROBLEM with these books is suggested by the reaction of some professors to *White Collar;* they liked every part of it except the one about professors. This dislike was not only the result of the typically unpleasant things Mr. Mills says about the academicians (that they are mostly of lower middle-class origin, and, surprisingly, more adept at the intellectual than the social graces) but also of the fact that this was one kind of life that they knew about, and they could see that what Mills wrote was only half true, a kind of caricature. But then one cannot help wondering about the others—the shopgirls, the big politicians, the very rich—about whom he writes. Maybe his pictures of them, drawn too exclusively from the point of view of "class" and "status hunger" and "power," are also caricatures.

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India's Racism in Reverse

HAROLD R. ISAACS

THE PITIFUL AND THE PROUD, by Carl T. Rowan. *Random House. $5.*

From the Indian point of view in this time, the United States—in spite of Chester Bowles, millions in aid programs, the good works of the Ford Foundation, and a steady flow of exchange travelers—has appeared to be the villain in world affairs. It has been seen as a power-obsessed nation, brandishing its bombs, organizing the world for war, lapsing into anti-Communist hysteria whether McCarthy-style or Dulles-style, identifying itself with colonialism and racism in Indo-China and Africa, and, most of all, arming Pakistan in the face of furious Indian opposition, and seeming to support even Portugal in its effort to hold onto the tiny colony of Goa within the body of India itself.

The mutual defensiveness and hostility aroused by these issues has come by now to dominate almost every encounter between individual Americans and individual Indians. Often the politics of the situation is only the agent that brings underlying irritants to the surface from varying depths in the two cultures and in the different individual personalities of the people concerned.

THE LATEST example of this unhappy situation is Carl Rowan's report of his journey in 1954-1955 to India and other parts of southern Asia. Mr. Rowan, a competent, successful, prize-winning Minneapolis newspaperman, also happens to be a Negro. This means that he faced in India not only all the sore issues thrown at him as an American but also all the contradictions on the matter of race, both among Indians and within himself.

He tells an almost unrelieved story of being pitilessly baited by audiences that would either not listen or not accept what he had to say. He fought off attempts made by many of his hosts to treat him as a "colored brother," and was appalled by what he called "racism in reverse" among many Indians. He tried hard to explain to his audiences the realities of the race problem in the United States. To do this he not only had to cope with closed minds in his audiences but also with harsh truths that kept on battering him from home. One day during his tour a Communist newspaper delightedly published a report of a stone-throwing incident in Chicago over the entry of Negro tenants into a housing development, headlining it: ROWANS BABBLE WHILE NEGROES BURN.

On another occasion, Mr. Rowan came away from one of his more trying lectures to find a letter from his wife telling how she and her children had been denied motel accommodation on a Michigan highway. He had to beat down the gorge that rose in him every day: "I had no hope now that I might go anywhere in India, or in the rest of Asia for that matter, without being expected to walk under the burden of all the sins, past and present, of my white countrymen." With a certain anguish of spirit and a heroic effort to keep his balance, he did his best to resist the temptation to meet Indian attacks on American racism by citing the patterns of color attitudes he found in Indian society.

A Talk with Nehru

Mr. Rowan took a look at the "pitiful" in India's villages and crowded cities and tried to sympathize with the excesses of the "proud," the defensive white-collar literates who preferred to look everywhere for evils in others rather than acknowledge and deal with evils of their own. He began to fear that "long before the world could hear the voice of the pitiful, the proud would have sealed all their fates." He had a rather unfortunate interview with Nehru, who came to epitomize for him all the consequences of the "hangover" from colonialism. He became "fed up with suspicion and distrust," and wearied of being told that Americans were materialistic while Indians were spiritual, especially after he began to suspect that a great many of those whom he met "preached morality and practiced immorality."

Mr. Rowan wondered at one point why anybody should "waste time answering a bunch of silly questions for people who don't appear really to want answers." Later, exhausted and lacerated as he kept on trying, he asked himself: "Was there anything new in sarcasm, ridicule or just plain fabrication that could be hurled at me now?"

MR. ROWAN realized that as a lecturer traveling under State Department auspices he was an obvious target and that Communists had deliberately organized most of the baiting to which he was subjected. But he came to think that Communist influence in India, direct or indirect, was dangerously widespread. He found Communist clichés almost universally accepted, even by the few he encountered who were friendly and sympathetic to him and to America. He concludes: "In a land where there was so much talk of peace and spiritualism, where Gandhi so often was referred to, I had expected wise, quiet cogitation and a strong measure of forgiveness among a people now securely pointing the way away from the greed and oppression that had held sway for so long. Instead there was loud argument and great bitterness which, instead of leading away from the injustices of the past, promised to fill today with proud revenge, borne on the wings of unhappy memories. Perhaps this was not the product of the Communists, I thought as I waited for my last speech in India, but they surely were doing a good job of employing these things to their benefit."

There are, of course, many other sides to the story, many people whose experience would be different. But evidence is accumulating that this particular impression of American-Indian encounters is rapidly becoming the most visible and the most familiar.

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